

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1461.—June 8, 1872.

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NEW BOOKS:

THE NETHER SIDE OF NEW YORK, or the Vice, Crime and Poverty of the Great Metropolis. By EDWARD CRAFTS. New York: Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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NOW.

BY ROSE TERRY.

THE sweet, sad stir of Spring
Is in my heart and brain;
I hear once more the wild brooks pour
And the soft south wind complain.

Where all the hills were green
Is a brown and barren waste;
But Earth's fresh breath, that laughs at death,
Tells how the buds make haste.

Through the gray and faded grass
The green blades rise to light,
And the wind that grieves in the sweet dead
leaves
Is full of vague delight.

Will ever a spring-time come,
In all life's lingering time,
That will not make my heart awake
As it awakened in its prime?

Will all these weary days
So fill my soul with fears
That the wind's soft voice, when the woods
rejoice,
Shall only bring me tears?

Ah! never. The grass shall grow
Though a thousand winters pass;
And the soul's fresh youth with tender truth
Still spring to the springing grass.

From The Independent.

UNSEEN.

At the spring of an arch in the great north
tower,

High up on the wall, is an angel's head,
And beneath it is carved a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the
face

Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride,
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sightseers come with their curious
eyes,

But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the
space

Of a few short minutes, there falls a ray
Through an amber pane on the angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
That He blesses the work of the dead man's
hand

With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless
land.

Spectator.

A. J. C.

SPARROWS.

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flitter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful
strings;

And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their
feet:

How value rises, and now declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish-
sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives —
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers
of men

Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph
strings,

Holding a moment and gone again?

Nay; he planned for the birds, with the larger
things."

Mrs. Whitney.

THE following sonnet (copied from memory),
has a touching charm of its own, though it be
somewhat faulty, that will awaken an echo in
many hearts: —

"Shall I forget thee when the spring comes back,
And the green mists begin about the trees,
And cling and thicken, and no heart hath lack
Of living, and no ear of melody,
And no eye weary of the vainless air?
The world grows sweeter than the heart can
bear,
Live with white violets, whose breath has
made
Earth like a pillow, where young heads are
laid,
Fragile and fair, and hid in their warm air;
Where all sweet memories rise like tuneful
rhymes
Of golden harmonies in olden times,
And life springs out of death, and joy from
pain,
And laughter from young lips and love to men;
Can I forget thee then — forget thee then?"

Transcript.

L.

From The Quarterly Review.
TRADE WITH CHINA.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the very numerous works on China, it is somewhat surprising how little is generally known of that wonderful country and its strange inhabitants. And the ignorance of the average Englishman—that is, excluding the comparatively small number who have special inducements to study the subject—is rendered, perhaps, the more impenetrable by being shrouded in a veil of purely conventional notions of China which have, so to speak, become stereotyped. A region of universal productiveness, inhabited by 200 millions† of people, united under one Government, with a history at the least two thousand years old—these were objects fitted to excite the keenest interest; while the remoteness of the country and the ob-

stinate exclusiveness of its Government have denied this natural curiosity its legitimate and healthy satisfaction. A halo of romance has thus come to be thrown over everything Chinese, from theories of government to the details of common life, which distorts the vision and misleads the judgment. Whether the Chinese be regarded in the aspect of polished sages discoursing profoundly on ethics, or as comical beings with round heads perpetually passing over quaint bridges, or in gorgeous apparel and with three-haired mustachios, an ell long, exemplifying the dignity of labour by carrying gilded tea-chests over delectable mountains; or even as prim maidens, in blue and purple, banjoing their loves to the soft willow-trees; whether, again, the land is covered with pagodas with tinkling bells, or is full of seething rice-swamps or delicious cool grottoes, we are in each case conscious of a certain unreality in the picture that is called up. Were they the inhabitants of another planet, indeed, the ideal Chinese of our common literature could hardly evoke less true sympathy than they do, and certainly the Vril-ya have been clothed by the author of "The Coming Race" with more genuine humanity. As a consequence, hardly anything is too extravagant to be believed about China, and contradictory views are frequently held without provoking any sense of their incongruity. Thanks, however, to the recent treaties, this state of things has begun to pass away. The priesthood of Sinologues, which has done so little to propagate the truth about China, no longer monopolizes the sources of information, fresh and active minds have broken in on the mystery, and modern authors, writing like living men of living men, have brought the distant Chinese nearer to us. The late Mr. Wingrove Cook had hardly been a month in Hong-kong, in the capacity of Special Correspondent to the "Times," when he wrote disparagingly of what he called "your twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men;" and his letters went far to redeem the flippancy of the epithet. Determined to see for himself and think for himself, that indefatigable correspondent was enabled, in

* 1. *Journeys in North China*. By the Rev. Alexander Williamson, B.A. 2 Vols. London, 1870.

2. *Pekin, Yeddo, and St. Francisco*. By the Marquis De Beauvoir. Forming the concluding volume of a Voyage round the World. London, 1872.

3. *Reports on the Provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Shanai, Che Kiang and Nganhwei*. By Baron von Richthofen. Shanghai, 1870 and 1871.

4. *Report of the Delegates of the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce on the Trade of the Upper Yangtze*. Shanghai, 1869.

5. *Reports of Journeys in China and Japan, performed by Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Markham, and Dr. Willis, of Her Majesty's Consular Service in those Countries*. Presented to Parliament. 1869.

6. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1869 and 1870.

7. *The Tientsin Massacre*. By George Thin, M.D. Edinburgh, 1870.

8. *British Policy in China*. By a Shanghai Merchant. London, 1871.

9. *Correspondence respecting the Revision of the Treaty of Tientsin*. Presented to the House of Commons. 1871.

10. *Parliamentary Correspondence on the Affairs of China*. 1869-71.

11. *The London and China Telegraph*. 1871.

† Though there are no means of arriving at an exact estimate of the population of China, there can be no doubt that the commonly received one of 200,000,000 is enormously exaggerated. An analysis by Baron von Richthofen of the population of one province, Che-kiang, founded on his own observation, gives the numbers as 8,000,000, whereas the Census of 1812, usually adopted as authoritative, puts them at 26,000,000. It is admitted that in no other province is the exaggeration of the so-called census so conspicuous; but the occurrence of one such glaring error is justly held to invalidate the document in which it is contained, and to destroy faith in even its approximate accuracy as a whole. It is highly probable that the actual population of China never reached 200,000,000.

a very short time, not only to amass information about China of the most important kind, but to throw new light on those political and commercial questions which concern us so deeply. Since the Chinese empire was opened up to travellers under Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1861, three great classes have sent their scouts over the length and breadth of the land: the missionaries of science, of commerce, and of religion have vied with each other in bringing obscure portions of the country within the domain of our knowledge. The recent progress of the world, but especially the progress effected in China itself by the Treaties of 1858, has imparted to these researches that essentially practical turn which is their distinguishing characteristic. The length, depth, and rapidity of a river are no longer barren facts in physical geography, but *data* by which the feasibility of steam-navigation may be determined. A dense crowd in an inland city is more than the occasion of an interesting entry in a traveller's diary: it suggests the question of clothing the masses in the fabrics of English power-looms. The classic wheelbarrow, propelled by the auxiliary of sails is now-a-days the embodiment of misapplied labor and wasted time; and impassable cart-roads lead the traveller, by an inevitable transition of thought, to the contemplation of railways. In short, it is China in its relation to the commercial systems of the world, from which it cannot much longer be kept apart, that has inspired the energies of its modern explorers, and these have already led to some valuable results. The information derived from these sources may, as far as our present purpose is concerned, be classified as showing—

I. That a considerable amount of agricultural wealth, and an inexhaustible store of mineral wealth are not utilized in China.

II. That, with the exception of those districts which are embraced in the canal systems of China, the existing means of communication are of the most defective kind.

III. That there is still a large available opening for the extension of British trade in manufactured goods.

IV. That the people are, as a rule, well-disposed, and anxious to cultivate commercial relations with Europeans.

A brief illustration of each of these four points will help to show the bearing of Chinese affairs on our national interests in that country.

I. The reports of travellers prove that, from one cause and another, large tracts of arable land are lying waste in several of the provinces of China. This is confirmed by native writers: for among the State-papers which have been lately published are sundry memorials from high functionaries, who make the great area of unoccupied ground the basis of the administrative proposals which they submit to the supreme Government. In places where the ravages of rebellion have been exceptionally severe, the land has ceased to be cultivated because the inhabitants have disappeared. The Taiping scourge, together with the means required to stamp it out, is said to have cost the country the incredible number of 50 millions of people. In parts of the once populous province of Che-kiang it is estimated that only three in a hundred of the inhabitants escaped death at the hands of the rebels. "It is difficult," writes one traveller, "to conceive of a more horrid destruction of life and property than has been perpetrated in these districts, and yet they are only a very small proportion of the area of a country that has shared a similar fate." And the re-population proceeds at a very slow rate in Che-kiang. "The greater portion of the interior of the empire," says Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, in his Memorial on Treaty revision, "though eminently suitable for grazing or tillage, is now a wilderness, beyond the ability or skill of the inhabitants to cultivate to advantage." For, though immense tracts of land are now in the possession of few persons, only a limited number of square yards can be cultivated by each individual for want of the necessary manure, the supply of which within any given area is, owing to the defective system pursued by the Chinese, exactly proportionate to the number of human beings living on that area. And though the deserted regions of Che-kiang afford unbounded facilities for stock-farm-

ing, we are told that the Chinese agriculturists have failed to discover the availability of so obvious a source whence the fertility of the soil might be maintained. Elsewhere, as on the northern confines of the empire which have been described by Mr. Williamson, we read of vast forests which await the axe and the plough to be made to yield food in abundance, for the soil seems well adapted for agricultural purposes. And even if ere long these virgin lands pass into the grasp of the Emperor of Russia, they would be equally available as an outlet for the redundant population of China—if there be any. Russian colonists have not yet found the necessity of exterminating aborigines, and the Russian Government may be credited with more wisdom than to discountenance the influx of such industrious mechanics and agriculturists as the Chinese.* On the other hand, no prejudice of patriotism would stand in the way of Chinese emigrants transferring their allegiance from one alien dynasty to another. That China is over-populated in some parts is proved by the stream of emigration that annually pours from the southern sea-board provinces across the Pacific Ocean and the Eastern seas; but why, with so much uncleared or untilled land in their own country, they should undertake venturesome and to them most formidable, voyages to distant lands is a question a full answer to which would throw light on some other obscure features of Chinese sociology. Perhaps, after all, the means of communication may be the principal element in this question, for it is conceivable that even a sea-passage may cost less in money than some long journeys within the limits of China itself, and it is not improbable that the maritime population of Kwangtung are better acquainted with the condition and prospects of California than with those of the more northern provinces of China. Where travelling facilities are exceptionally good, it is found that the resettling

of the devastated districts is going on comparatively rapidly. In the province of Nganhwei, for example, which is watered by the river Yangtze, the number of immigrants is so large, that the traveller has often the greatest difficulty in obtaining information regarding the country or the road to some neighbouring place. "There are instances where only the twentieth man one meets is an old resident," the new men being natives of several provinces, some near to and some remote from the land of their adoption. The Government evinces so much wisdom in facilitating the re-peopling of the country, and the emigrants adapt themselves so naturally to their new circumstances, that it has been supposed all this is done instinctively in obedience to a national habit transmitted through many generations, during which the processes of devastation and resettlement have been regularly succeeding each other in China. And the periodical fusion of natives of various parts of the empire thus occasioned has been adduced as a possible explanation of the homogeneity of the Chinese people in language and character.*

In minerals the Chinese empire has been generally understood to be rich; but the more precise descriptions of some of these reserve treasures, with indications of the means by which they may be turned to account for the benefit of the country, come upon us with the freshness of a revelation. Both gold and silver are found in almost every province of the empire, the former being procured chiefly by washing the sand of river-beds, which are recharged by every flood and freshet. It is a laborious, and not a very lucrative process to the persons engaged. Mining is not altogether unknown, though it is discouraged by the jealous policy of the Government; the quartz is reported by Mr. Williamson to be very rich in gold, and nuggets are met with in certain districts. No estimate can be formed of the supply of gold which is buried in the hills, though everything leads to the belief that it is enormous. Of the copper, lead, tin and

* Though the Russian authorities are reported to be inviting Coreans, to the exclusion of Chinese settlers along that part of Russian Manchuria which borders on Corea, there are obvious reasons which may account for such a preference without prejudice to the general merits of the Chinese as colonists.

* See Baron von Richthofen's interesting remarks on these subjects in his Letter on the provinces of Che-kiang and Nganhwei.

quicksilver production scant information has as yet been furnished. The salt wells of Szechuen have been described by Mr. Wylie, who likewise gives an account of petroleum pits there, which are reported to be 3000 feet deep. The oil, though most abundant in Szechuen, is likewise found in the province of Shansi. These are all, however, comparatively unimportant from our external point of view, and it is not wonderful that foreign investigators should have concentrated their attention on the mineral which is destined to play the most important part in improving the condition of the Chinese people, and in facilitating the advancement of foreign commerce. We refer of course to *coal*. This is at once the most valuable, the most widely distributed, and the most accessible of all descriptions of the buried wealth of China.

According to a competent writer in the "London and China Telegraph," of April 3, 1871, the Chinese coal-fields cover an area of upwards of 400,000 square miles; a number which may well appear fabulous in comparison with the modest 12,000 miles of coal which have sufficed to make Great Britain the workshop of the world. Yet this estimate of the whole receives strong confirmation from the actual descriptions we have of certain portions of the Chinese coal-bearing area, which have been examined by a skilled geologist, Baron von Richthofen, from whose valuable reports we shall make one or two extracts. In the one province of Hunan he finds a coal-field extending over an area of 21,700 square miles, nearly twice that of the coal-beds of the British Islands. There are two perfectly distinct coal-beds in Hunan, one bearing bituminous and the other anthracite; the latter being most conveniently situated with regard to conveyance by water, easily mined, and covering an area equal to that of the Anthracite Coal-field of Pennsylvania. In quality this coal will compare favourably with the best kinds of anthracite known.

If, now, we follow the Baron through Honan, which itself possesses the by no means insignificant coal area of 10,000 square miles, to the province of Shansi, we shall be compelled to share the amazement with which he surveyed the coal-fields which he there found. Their enormous extent, some 30,000 square miles, capable of supplying the whole world, at its present rate of consumption, for thousands of years, is, perhaps, even a less important feature than the unrivalled facilities for

mining which these coal-fields offer. The beds vary from 12 to 30 feet in thickness, while the system of coal-bearing strata in this province is about 500 feet in thickness, and contains, besides, an inexhaustible supply of iron-ore. After showing in detail the richness of the mineral products of one district, that of Ping-ting-chau, and the exceptionally favourable juxtaposition of the coal and the iron, Baron Richthofen thus sums up his account of the district:

"These extraordinary conditions, for which I know of no parallel on the globe, will eventually give rise to some curious features in mining. It may be predicted that, if a railroad should ever be built from the plain to this region — and there is no other means of ever bringing to their due account its mineral resources — branches of it will be constructed within the body of one or other of these beds of anthracite, which are among the thickest and most valuable known anywhere, and continue for miles underneath the hills west of the present coal-belt of Ping-ting-chau. Such a tunnel would allow of putting the produce of the various coal-beds immediately on railroad carts destined for distant places."

Of the various kinds of iron-ore which abound in several strata of the coal-formation of Shansi, Baron Richthofen mentions only one as being used by the Chinese. It is "a mixture of clay iron-ore and spathic ore, together with limonite and hematite, and occurs in irregular accumulations in certain limestone strata at the bottom of the coal-formation." The native modes of melting the ore is minutely described by the Baron, who does not hesitate to acknowledge that, rude and feeble as the machinery is, the iron produced is of excellent quality, a result which he attributes, in a great measure, to the superiority of the raw material. "The few hundred feet of coal-formation furnishes an abundance of every kind of material required: — 1st, an iron-ore of great purity, rich in metal and easily fusible; 2nd, all sorts of clay and sand, such as are required for crucibles, moulds, &c.; 3rd, a very superior anthracite.

Here, then we have elements of wealth and power, which might raise their possessors to a commanding position among the nations; and a people the most numerous, the most industrious, the most orderly in the world, and at the same time, keenly alive to their own interest, when they are made aware of the direction in which it lies; and yet, taken as a whole, their vast stores of coal and iron are turned to no account. A local trade in coal is, we learn, carried on in

Szechuen province, in the northern province, of Chih-li, and in Manchuria, and, of course, in most other places where coal is abundant; the product of Hunan is even worked sufficiently to feed small distant markets when they happen to be situated on the banks of rivers on which laden boats can be floated. But the only Chinese mines which can be said to be worked in a business-like manner are those in the island of Formosa, whence, under the stimulus of European aid in mining and shipping appliances, a regular export trade in coal of a poor description is carried on with the mainland. The traffic in native iron seems to be even more restricted than that in coal. This state of affairs would appear less anomalous if it could be shown that the domestic and industrial habits of the Chinese were such as to enable them to dispense with valuable minerals like coal and iron. This is not the case, however; for we learn that in the very country where coal most abunds, so desperate is the need for fuel, that the climate has been ruined by the cutting down of all trees and brushwood, and even the roots of grass are diligently dug up to supply firing for domestic purposes.

We know also that, in spite of the enormous disadvantages under which such a commercial operation must be conducted, both coal and iron are sent in large quantities from England to China, while of coal still larger supplies are drawn from America, Japan, and Australia, a certain proportion of all which is for exclusively native use. That an article of so low a momentary value as coal, or even iron, should, after being carried over 15,000 miles of ocean, compete successfully, on their own ground with the native products of a country which is itself an inexhaustible storehouse of these very commodities, is a fact for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. If we could conceive the existence of manufactures or even commerce at all in England under such conditions as rendered steam-factories dependent for their fuel on supplies of coal brought from China and costing 60s. per ton, and compelled machinists to obtain their raw material—iron—in the same circuitous and expensive manner, we might be able to form some idea of that internal paralysis which, notwithstanding much superficial activity, actually pervades the commercial life of the Chinese. But what is the explanation of their ruinous system of "carrying coals to Newcastle"? Apart from those general consider-

ations which may account for the backwardness of Chinese enterprise of all kinds, there are special reasons why mining, in particular, should be at a low ebb. First, there exists among the governing class a political objection to mining, which operates with various degrees of force, according to the idiosyncrasies of individual officials, the local customs or traditions of particular districts, and such like. Secondly, ignorance of the principles of mining and of the construction of machinery confines the Chinese miners in many places to the outcrop of coal, which is inferior in quality; and even when vertical shafts are sunk to a considerable depth, as at Loping, near the Poyang Lake, and in several of the coal-districts described by Baron von Richthofen and Mr. Williamson, the appliances in use are found to be inadequate to the overcoming of many of the ordinary difficulties incidental to coal-mining. But there remains another circumstance, sufficient of itself to account for the neglect of the Chinese coal and iron mines—the absence of efficient means of conveyance. So important is this in connexion, not only with the mining prospects, but with the question of the development of foreign trade, that we proceed to consider it by itself, under the next division.

II. China is well known to be possessed of an unrivalled system of water-communication, which, cutting up the lower portion of the great basin of the Yangtze into innumerable insular blocks, furnishes at once a means of transport which, if slow, cannot be surpassed for safety and cheapness, and a convenient method of irrigation. This network of canals, however, covers only a comparatively small area of China; and though next to the canals the navigable rivers appear to offer great facilities for the transport of merchandise, the primitive mode of navigation which is alone at the disposal of the natives causes half the advantages of these magnificent water-ways to be lost. It is only indeed where foreigners have been permitted to run steamboats that the Chinese are enabled to make full use of their rivers. What the dry roads are, we learn by the graphic descriptions of many travellers. The condition of those in the vicinity of Peking have become familiar to most readers since the campaign of 1860. Of the comparatively excellent high-roads in Manchuria Mr. Williamson writes:—

"These roads may be said to be in a state of nature—no one looks after them—nor is there

any toll, except at the passes leading into Mongolia. The weather rules them. In the level districts they are just lines of deep ruts, irregular and uneven, which in course of time would become utterly impassable. But the rain obviates this evil by washing them all into a common puddle, when it ceases. Carts then plunge through them, leaving no tracks. The sun hardens them, and this process of repair is perpetually repeated, and it is all they receive."

We elsewhere learn that as many as a dozen animals, horses, asses, and bullocks, are frequently required to drag small-sized carts over these roads. Mr. Oxenham, of the Consular Service, who travelled from Peking to Hankow, tells a similar tale of the province of Honan:—

"It was with great regret," he says, "I was compelled to give up proceeding to the capital of Honan, but the state of the roads rendered it impossible . . . the people unanimously declared the roads too heavy for the passage of carts."

And at another point of his journey he makes the significant observation,—

"In one place we came upon the astonishing spectacle of Chinamen mending a road."

Mr. Consul Markham found in Shantung that after rains the roads were almost impassable. The like testimony comes from Baron Richthofen concerning Shansi, and he adds:—

"As the knowledge of the Chinese of the construction of roads does hardly embrace the first principles of this branch of engineering, and as they possess neither skill nor energy in removing obstacles, but are endowed with an infinite amount of patience in overcoming the same natural difficulties day by day, they have never attempted to improve their means of communication with Shansi."

The first result of this state of things is that the rudest conveyances can alone be used over immense tracts of country. The two-wheeled vehicles which laboriously perform the carrier service in Chili and Manchuria, give place to those one-wheeled carriages which are found in the central provinces, and these again are forced to give way to beasts of burden in the hilly districts, as well as in other regions where the roads have become impracticable even for wheelbarrows. The mere description of the mode of propelling these, the popular locomotives of central China, sufficiently attests the incalculable waste that is implied in the use of so inconvenient a means of transport. Crossing some uncultivated chalky downs in the province of Honan, where the roads were good, Mr. Oxenham

came upon large numbers of wheelbarrows, and

"in one place where the country was unusually high and open, and where a strong wind was blowing in their favour, all of them set up a sail to assist them in their journey. The manner in which this was arranged was as simple as it was ingenious. Two long bamboo-poles were fixed upright at the end of the wheelbarrow, to which was attached a piece of cloth, an old coat, a sack, or, in fact, anything which would catch the wind. It was impossible not to admire the ingenuity which could avail itself of so novel an assistant, and the persevering industry which could take so cumbrous a conveyance such long distances. The men who use these cumbrous and loud-shrieking vehicles contrive to take them 70 li (about 20 miles) a day, and in the event of a favourable wind, often 100 li. One man generally manages the wheelbarrow, though he sometimes avails himself of the services of his son, his wife, or his donkey."

Mr. Markham gives the following account of the conveyances in Shantung:—

"The means of traffic along the road are carts, wheelbarrows, camels, mules, and donkeys. The carts carry six to twenty piculs (800 to 2600 lbs.), and are drawn, the larger ones by five mules, and the smaller ones by two. Wheelbarrows carry from two to ten piculs (266 to 1333 lbs.), and are propelled by one man pushing, another in front in a sort of shafts, and a donkey, ox, or mule, in front of all, attached by traces of rope. For the man behind, who has to push, guide, and support the whole weight on his shoulders, the work is terrific, and seemed to me to be the very acme of human labour. These men seldom reach the age of forty years, I was told."

The severity of the work was found by Mr. Williamson to be even greater in a neighbouring province.

"The barrowmen in Shantung," he writes, "are bad enough, but these, (of Western Honan) are lower than they. The loads were dreadful, and the work beyond anything I ever saw; the pushing and tugging and swaying of the men's bodies as the barrow rolled over the uneven, often stony road, was terrific, and the ravenous eager eating at the inns on the roadsides excited the most painful feelings. Human labour is cheaper here than donkey hire; this has gone on for years, and will go on till railways cheapen the carriage of goods, and thus break the yoke from off such slaves."

The unthrifty character of Chinese land-carriage is thus forcibly illustrated by Baron Richthofen:—

"It is surprising to see what a large number of mules and horses are employed in the carrying trade, and how great a proportion of the agricultural land serves only the purpose of

feeding these animals. As the service which is done by a horse in this region (the northern provinces) is probably, on an average, not more than one-fifth of what it could be on well-constructed roads, it may be said that about four-fifths of the area of the fields retained for raising food for cattle is wantonly lost to the cultivation of other crops."

Touching the cost of carriage by the rude means we have described, Mr. Markham's estimate falls somewhat short of Baron Richthofen's, whose observations, however, embraced a more extended area. The one is about a third of a penny sterling per pound weight per 100 miles, the other about one-third more, or somewhat less than a halfpenny sterling per pound per 100 miles.* The mere conversion of the native tariff into sterling money, however, fails to give us a just idea of the tax which is imposed on trade by the defective carrying-service. It is by comparison of the cost by land and water respectively that we arrive at an approximate estimate of the rate at which the Chinese are paying for their bad roads and vehicles; and this comparison is furnished by Baron Richthofen, who says that "freight by land is from twenty to forty times more expensive than by water."

With heavy articles like iron and coal, but especially coal, the cost of carriage of which forms so large an item in their price to the consumer, it is easy to see how the roadless condition of the country effectually precludes the working of the mines. We read that in the province of Shansi, "coal which costs 1s. per ton at the mine, rises to 24s. at a distance of 30 miles, and to over 42s. at a distance 60 miles; that only those who live in close vicinity to coal-mines derive any benefit from them, while to others, who live at a day's walk from the mines, coal is a luxury for which they cannot afford to pay."

As we have seen, unless a coal-bed happens to be worked close to some navigable river, or, as in the case of Formosa, to a sea-harbour, it is practically valueless. Baron Richthofen relates, that in the market of Nan-yang-fu, in Honan, anthracite coal, which is only carried 30 miles from the mine in the Kiu-li Mountain, is beaten, as regards price, by Hunan coal, which has been conveyed by water twenty-five times the distance. And he also states

that foreign wrought-iron is displacing, in the interior, the more expensively-carried native product.

The conditions of transport we have thus glanced at, fully prepare us for the melancholy revelations of our explorers. A local writer relates, that in portions of An-hwei province which he had visited, although close to the banks of the Great River, the people do not even grow the crops for which their soil is peculiarly adapted, because they have no accessible market for their surplus, though there are large urban populations within 100 miles. A like state of things appears also to exist in Hunan; while of Shansi we read that the Chinese consider that one good crop furnishes sufficient food to last during ten successive bad years,—an exaggeration, no doubt, but one which sufficiently indicates the fact that in Shansi no means exist of disposing of the surplus produce. Such facts enable us to understand why famine is a chronic scourge in China. With various soils and a capricious climate, scarcely a season passes in which some portion of the empire is not visited by drought or inundation; and when either happens in a roadless district, unless the local authorities have laid up stores of grain from the abundant harvests of previous years, from which they can dole out allowances to the sufferers, the people may, and do, starve, as if they were in a besieged city, with plenty and to spare all round them.

"Honan," says Baron Richthofen, "ranks among those provinces of China which are most favoured by nature. . . . The population is excessively large. . . . The alluvial regions on the Hwang-ho are subject to destructive floods; the west regions to drought. Intercommunication is . . . slow and expensive. . . . Insufficient crops are therefore productive of great suffering, while superabundance does not benefit the population in the same measure as would be the case if freight were easier and cheaper."

"Shansi," the same writer observes, "in proportion to its area has probably the largest, and most easily workable coal-field of any region on the globe; and the manufacture of iron is capable of almost unlimited extension. Its own resources for supplying its population with food and clothing . . . are far from sufficient, and a considerable importation is required. . . . Flour, grain, cotton, and manufactured goods are the chief articles which Shansi receives in return for iron and coal. The means of intercommunication are of the rudest and most expensive kind, and . . . put breadstuffs nearly out of the reach of the poorer classes. The mountainous districts in particular are therefore subjected to famine and starvation."

* Mr. Kingsmill states that the journey from Pukow, opposite Nanking, on the left bank of the Yangtze to Peking, a distance of 600 miles over a country free from natural obstacles, occupies about thirty days, and that the cost of transit is about 18s. per ton weight.

But it is needless to accumulate further illustration of the fact that large sections of the Chinese population are unable to procure the necessaries of life, though possessed of workable minerals sufficient to buy all the cereal productions of China; while other sections are forced to supply their immediate wants by cultivating crops for which their soil is not adapted, to the neglect of their natural agriculture, all for the want of better means of intercommunication.

We quote from the interesting Memorial of Mr. Kingsmill a summary of some of the results of this state of affairs:—

"Even were there no excessive levies made by local mandarins," he writes, "on the trade which continues to survive, the tendency has been to make each small district dependent on its own productions alone. Hence has arisen excessive competition for the necessaries of life; there being no possible market for the surplus products of the district, production ceased when a bare sustenance was obtained; with no imports or manufactories, there was no division of labour; as the population increased, there was no need of the services of additional hands: hence human life and human labour became of the smallest possible account, until finally, while economy of material conveyed at great cost and risk from distant localities became imperative, manual labour, being a drug in the market, had to enter into competition with the lower animals."

Seeing that coal and iron are the pivots on which the commerce of the world at present turns; that it is through the agency of these materials that the reform in the machinery of transport, which will enable not only the coal and iron themselves, but many other sources of wealth, to be turned to account, can alone be worked out; and that cheap fuel has an especial bearing on any forward movement which foreign commercial interests may make in China, it was natural that modern observers should place these minerals in the front rank of their investigations. But what is true of these bulkier commodities must in some degree be true of other constituents of trade, for every kind of merchandise must be retarded in its progress from the producer to the consumer by slow, difficult, and expensive conveyance. Nor is it possible to express by any money equivalent the real burden thus laid upon commerce. The length of time consumed, and the difficulties and real hardship of the journeys, tending as they do to discourage travelling, must exert an important, though impalpable, deadening influence on trade, by preventing

that free interchange of information between buyers and sellers which is essential to the initiation and conduct of business. In a country which possesses no adequate advertising media it may easily happen that a consumer of a given commodity does not know whence to supply his wants, while the producer is at a loss where to find a purchaser; in the one case perhaps an inconvenient, and therefore expensive, substitute is resorted to, and in the other further production is discouraged. Intensely commercial as China is admitted to be, and keen and accomplished as are its merchants, there seems yet room for much mutual ignorance of this kind. Be that as it may, however, travelling facilities would unquestionably there, as well as elsewhere, stimulate trade over and above any immediate effect of cheap freight. What the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce urge in reference to the dangers of the navigation of the Upper Yangtze may be applied, in a modified sense, to many of the exposed and laborious land-journeys in China:—

"The dangers of the way," they remark, "deter all but the most adventurous from travelling, and hence also from trading; and we are satisfied that, apart altogether from the question of profit and loss, high prices or low, there is a vast amount of latent capital and latent energy kept aloof from that particular branch of trade simply by the want of a safe and easy means of transport."

III. The most casual observer of commercial statistics can hardly fail to be struck with the insignificant extent of our whole trade with China, considering its vast population and the multiplicity of wants incidental to their condition of life. Analyses of the two branches of that trade excite surprise at the limited number of commodities which fill up the lists of our exports and imports. From England we supply the Chinese with cotton and woollen fabrics, lead, iron, and coal—nothing else worth mentioning, unless it be munitions of war which are intended to be used against ourselves some day. From India we give them opium and cotton. Our imports from China consist practically of two staples—tea and silk. Our Board of Trade has recorded its opinion that "these are not the conditions of a healthy or solid trade; and that they cause fluctuations and irregularities which have been the source of great commercial disasters." But the true explanation of this peculiar state of matters appears to have eluded the researches of the Board. In an elab-

orate *résumé* of commercial affairs in China, dated May 19, 1869, the phenomenon in question is attributed to the circumstances that "the population of China is for the most part in a condition of extreme poverty," "is deficient in the desire for the material comforts and elegancies of life," and that, moreover, "China produces all the raw materials of industry, and with her teeming and laborious population possesses great manufacturing power as regards the principal articles required for her internal consumption;" whence "it appears very doubtful whether the coarse cottons which are the only manufacture largely exported from the United Kingdom to China . . . can ever do more than supplement the native production in the supply of the great cities accessible to foreign trade." There is doubtless a considerable show of probability in this view of the case, but the facts point to a conclusion somewhat more hopeful than that at which the Board of Trade seems to have arrived.

No species of "raw material" is produced more abundantly in China than cotton; and if there is one class of "manufacture" for which the people have peculiar facilities, and which is more extensively followed by them than any other, it is that of "coarse cottons," the very description of merchandise with which we are able to supply them in the largest quantities. But granting that the exportation of coarse cottons to China had reached its maximum — of which, however, there is no evidence — it would still be fair to argue that the simple and primitive character of this our staple export is symptomatic of a trade in its infancy, and that the important success gained in what is theoretically the least promising part of the field affords the strongest encouragement to look forward to a still larger extension of trade in those miscellaneous articles of exchange which constitute the commerce of other countries, and for which the Chinese do not possess ready means of production or manufacture. In drawing attention to the fact that "the export trade of cotton goods to British India is far more varied in its character than that to China, the fine fabrics constituting a large proportion of the whole amount," the Board of Trade seems unconsciously to furnish the solution of its own problem. The commercial contrast between India and China is marked by this among other features, that the former country is thoroughly accessible, and the natural inference from the state of matters commented on by the Board of Trade appears to be

that the field in China is not yet thoroughly worked,* not even explored; for it cannot be that 200 millions of people have so little and so few things to give, and require so little and so few things in return. This idea is of old standing, and has produced an almost universal feeling of vague expectancy in regard to the "opening" of China. At the termination of the first war the time was thought to have come, and the eagerness evinced in England to supply the assumed wants of the Chinese is well illustrated in the oft-told anecdote of a mercantile firm who sent a consignment of pianos to Hong Kong, based on the apparently moderate calculation that if only a small fraction of the Chinese were fond of music, there could be no difficulty in disposing of a few scores of instruments. The firm in question only paid the penalty, let us hope, of being in advance of their time, for already, in the year of grace 1872, a Chinese lady playing the piano is not an unheard-of thing. Twenty years ago, to judge by the consular reports of the day, it was generally agreed that freer intercourse with the interior of the country was the one thing needful to cause a large increase in our trade; and this formed the key-note of Lord Clarendon's instructions to Lord Elgin for the conduct of his negotiations in China in 1858, with regard to which one is at a loss whether to admire more the statesman-like ideas of the British Cabinet at the time, or the ability with which they were embodied in a treaty, which has produced the most gratifying results. Thirty million pounds of tea — an article which the Board of Trade pronounces to be of "primary necessity" — yielding 750,000*l.* of revenue, have been added to the annual importation of Great Britain as a consequence of the stimulus imparted to the trade by the opening of the river Yangtze; and our exports of manufactured goods to China have been trebled under the operation of the Treaty of Tientsin. According to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, the export trade from the United Kingdom to China in 1858, the year in which Lord Elgin concluded his treaty, had reached the maximum of 2,876,447*l.* It now stands at 9,000,000*l.*

* As an indication of how improved knowledge might favour the development of trade, the following extract from Consul Morgan's despatch to Sir R. Alcock, dated 11 June, 1888, is of interest: — "Were British subjects allowed to reside at Chang-chia-kou . . . they might teach the Mongolians how to improve their breed of sheep and prepare the wool for exportation, with a result that would . . . tend to increase, in no small degree, the value of the export trade from Tientsin."

the increase being claimed solely as a result of the treaty. The net pecuniary advantage which this trade brings to the people of England has been estimated at one-third of its gross amount; that is to say, allowing two-thirds, or 6,000,000*l.*, as the cost of the raw material, which has to be paid for to British dependencies and to foreign countries, the remaining 3,000,000*l.* is "retained in England to pay spinners, weavers, packers, shippers, carriers, and numerous other classes of persons employed about the making up and exporting of the goods." Rough as such an estimate must necessarily be, it gives us some idea of what the country is gaining every year by the resolute and clear-sighted policy of Lord Palmerston, for to him primarily belongs the merit of our present Treaty with China.

And the means by which this has been accomplished are plain. Free communication and steamboats have done it all. Not that the minor provisions in Lord Elgin's Treaty are by any means unimportant,—the optional commutation of inland dues, for example, is, even in its very partial operation, working most beneficial results,—but with regard to the past, as to the future, free intercourse outweighs everything else. And the benefits of steam-traffic on the North-China coast and on the river Yangtze are inadequately expressed by the extension of foreign trade which has ensued: the natives are reported to have gained much more, for they are the principal owners of the cargoes which are carried by the foreign steamers, while the face of the Great River is stated to be covered with small sailing-craft, which either serve as collectors and distributors of the steam-traffic, or make longer voyages, carrying the coarser kinds of merchandise under that security from piracy which the constant passing of steamers undoubtedly affords.

Such being the result of the measures of 1858, the question arises, Is no further progress in the same direction possible? And here we are reminded by the memorials of the merchants that the navigable rivers above Canton are still closed against foreign steamers, and that the trade channels communicating with the river Yangtze through the Poyang Lake are in urgent need of steam service. The Siang river and the Tungting Lake channels southward, and the Han river northward from the great central mart Hankow, have likewise been put forward as desirable steam-lines, under the impression that they were navigable, which, however, Baron

Richthofen has shown them to be to a very limited extent only. Then the Upper Yangtze, for a distance of 360 miles between Hankow and Ichang, is described as well adapted to steam-navigation, forming the natural highway through a fertile country, and connecting the wealthy province of Szechuen in the west with the great commercial system of the empire. Since the navigation of the river by steam, 600 miles from its mouth to the central point Hankow, has created so much trade, it seems to follow that to extend the system for the remaining 360 miles of stream navigable by ordinary river-steamers would also be beneficial in a proportionate degree. In weighing the probabilities of such results, however, it is necessary to bear in mind that we should no longer be dealing with the trunk-line of traffic, but with one out of three great branch lines which converge at Hankow as their centre. It is in the gradual results of the adoption of steam on the inner waters generally, rather than in any sudden revolution in trade, such as was caused by the opening of the Lower Yangtze, that we should expect to realize the full benefit of such a measure.

But the thought which seems to obtrude itself most forcibly on all classes of travellers in presence of the actual obstacles to commercial prosperity in China, is that of the introduction of railways. The unanimity with which this point is put forward is remarkable. Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Markham, and Mr. Oxenham, from the official side, dwell on the need existing for railways on the lines of their respective journeys, and the facility with which they might be constructed. The Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, who visited Szechuen, point to the same solution of some of the difficulties in the way of trade in that region. The missionary travellers are full of the same idea. Most important of all, however, are the observations of scientific explorers, who not only show that railways offer the only means of opening up the latent fields of wealth in the country, but in a practical manner distinguish the lines of which the construction would be most feasible from an engineering as well as from a financial point of view. Baron Richthofen, whose language is always guarded, is unable to withhold his strong testimony in favour of railways. One line he sketches out in Hunan, another in Hupeh, while of Honan he writes thus:—

"The great prospective importance of the region under consideration is founded on its geographical position. The passage of Honanfu

is the only future gate to the north-western provinces and Central Asia, from the east. It does not occupy this position at present, nor will it ever do so before railroads shall be built. I hesitate to touch this subject, which to many appears visionary, though probably no foreign resident in China entertains doubt as to the necessity that railroads should, and the certainty that in the course of time they will, be built. But if one speaks of the possible means that may be devised to raise to their true value the resources of northern China, one cannot avoid this question; and if anywhere in China it is here, in the region of Honanfu, where the introduction of modern means of conveyance suggests itself as a step which will be attended with incalculable change of conditions."

It would manifestly be idle to hazard guesses as to the amount of expansion of which foreign trade with China is capable; but, in support of the general conclusion to which our examination of the subject points, the opinion of one so well qualified to judge as Sir Rutherford Alcock may fairly be cited. Writing to Lord Clarendon on October 29th, 1889, Sir Rutherford said:—

"Under other auspices and more favourable conditions, neither of which seem altogether hopeless, the Chinese empire might within the next twenty years offer a vast field of commercial activity, and would soon lead to a consumption of manufactured goods *ten times as large as any at present existing.*"

IV. In considering the means which are available for bringing about the desirable consummation we have indicated, we are met on the threshold of our inquiry by the thought that we have to deal with the interests, the customs, and the prejudices of some 200 millions of human beings, who are sunk in abject ignorance, the so-called educated class scarcely forming an exception, and who may, therefore, effectually oppose unquestionable improvements on unreasonable grounds. To attempt to introduce innovations into such a country, against the inclinations of the people, would manifestly be as impolitic as it would be impracticable; and it is, therefore, important to seek any information that may be accessible concerning the disposition of the Chinese towards foreigners, and the spirit in which they would be likely to hail any of the material improvements that seem to be so much wanted. Nay, more, vested interests deserve fair consideration, even where the temporary interests of the few militate against the permanent interests of the many. No great change can be introduced into a settled populous country

without inflicting some injury; but innovators are bound to study the minor as well as the major effects of their measures, and to reduce the prejudicial action to a minimum. In the present case, there is no safer—indeed, no other—guide than experience, and that shows the Chinese to be most willing to use the facilities for locomotion and transport which Europeans have put within their reach. The steamers, both on the coast and on the rivers, are loaded with Chinese cargo and crowded with Chinese passengers; and the very natural fear that steam would throw large number of sailors and boatmen out of employment, and thus create embarrassment to the authorities, does not appear to have been well-founded: at least, the only discontent of the unemployed, that we hear of, comes from districts not directly affected by steam-navigation. It is like straining at a gnat to speak of the possible supercession of the mule-drivers in the coal-districts by a more efficient system of mining and carrying; but it appears that the iron-workers of Shansi have already been, to some extent, supplanted by us. Incredible as it seems, Baron Richthofen is of opinion that "it is possible the introduction of foreign wrought iron into those districts which are accessible by water from the Treaty ports has greatly reduced the amount of sale and total production of Shansi iron;" that is to say, that Staffordshire already beats Shansi on its own ground. If anything would tend to compensate the injury thus already sustained by these districts, it would be the introduction into them of new industries which would at the same time promote the well-being of much larger classes than those immediately affected.

The friendly disposition of the people is sufficiently attested by the fact that travellers perform their long journeys through the interior of the country with no apprehension except—and that rarely—from robbers. The populace of Hunan has enjoyed the reputation of harbouring the strongest aversions to foreigners; but, though frequently complaining of incivility, travellers have heretofore passed through that province unharmed. Of the people of Hupeh, Baron Richthofen says:

"I have not experienced the slightest attempt at an insult, nor even an unpleasant word from them."

Of the natives of Honan he observes:—

"In few portions of China was I so much molested by the curiosity of the people as in the

cities and chiefly the trading marts of Honan. The news of our journey preceded us constantly, and we found frequently tens of thousands of people waiting to see us, and the roads lined for miles by the villagers of the vicinity; but, importunate as this crowding is, it is impossible to be much provoked when one sees the anxiety of the people carefully to avoid anything that might give offence."

To those who are acquainted with China, such testimony is, of course, superfluous; as to them the amiable disposition of the Chinese population, when left to the guidance of their own instincts, is a mere truism. Yet the contrary is so frequently assumed to be the case by writers and speakers in this country, that some even give themselves much trouble to account for feelings of animosity on the part of the Chinese towards foreigners.

Nor is it tolerance, merely, but sympathy and welcome, which foreign visitors meet with in the interior of China. A desire on the part of the native population to enter at once into commercial relations, as we learn from the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, was a characteristic feature of their reception in the great cities of the interior. And even the itinerant agents of Bible Societies, in the course of their long journeys, find an eager demand for the publications which they carry with them for sale.

Thus, then, the recent writers whom we have followed, who testify what they have seen, unveil a magnificent field for the spread of commerce in China. Four distinct classes of them agree on the means by which the field may be cultivated, and they are equally unanimous in their testimony that no serious obstacle would be likely to proceed from the mass of the people concerned.

Unfortunately, however, this is only half the case. Progress in China is not a mere commercial question, to be discussed solely in its bearings on the interests of the population. Its consideration is involved in schemes of international relations which are conducted on obscure and unsettled bases. Our commercial intercourse with the people cannot be separated from our diplomatic intercourse with the governing body of China; and it is within the domain of the latter that the chief, if not the only, real difficulties in the way of amelioration arise.

The whole history of our relation with China proves that the class which monopolizes political power in that country is resolutely and consistently opposed to all foreign intercourse, as such; and the

closer acquaintance with the Peking Government and with individual Chinese statesmen, which the events of the last fifteen years have forced upon us, has shown us something of the nature and causes of that hostility, and furnished some data by which to gauge its strength. The existence in the Chinese Government of two parties, divided on questions of foreign policy, is brought prominently forward in the official correspondence which has been laid before Parliament since 1858. One known as the "anti-foreign," or "war" party, is understood to be pledged to the expulsion of foreigners from the soil of China, at all risks; the other, whose views do not admit of so clear a definition, is called the "peace," the "liberal," or "moderate" party, and its policy appears to be to hold the balance between the claims of foreigners on the one hand and the headstrong resistance of the extreme section of its own order on the other. This latter party was well described by Sir F. Bruce as being composed of those who "are enlightened enough to know that the true policy of China is to conciliate, by a seasonable surrender of her prejudices, that foreign element which she can no longer hope to repel by force." At heart, therefore, the whole ruling body in China is opposed to the presence of foreigners in the country. "The educated class," says Mr. Wade, our present Minister at Peking, "from which all Chinese officials are taken, is anti-foreign;" and he adds, "it is impossible that it should not be," and that "its influence with the masses will always be exerted against us rather than otherwise." In another place the same authority declares, that in the eyes of these educated persons, the very extension of our trade must appear politically, or, what is in China the same thing, morally wrong. "The concessions made to us," Mr. Wade further observes, "have been extorted against the conscience of the nation," explaining that by "the nation" he means the educated men in it. Waiving the question of the claim of any section of a population to be called "the nation," it will suffice here to note, that in China the so-called educated class is coincident, commensurate, and virtually identical with the governing class. It is not only that the office-holders are selected out of the educated class, but that the primary object of education is the attainment of office. But if a ruling class in any country may be presumed to have interests apart from those of the people as a whole, there are special circumstances attending

the system of government in China which create a distinct antagonism between the objects sought after by the official order and the interests of the nation — using the word, not in Mr. Wade's sense, but in its more commonly received acceptation. The relations between the rulers and the ruled in China can hardly be described, except in hyperbolic language. We need not seek unbiassed information on the subject either in the memorials of British merchants or the columns of the European press in China, whose unceasing invective against the "Mandarins" has been such as to call for public condemnation at the hands of Sir R. Alcock; nor are we bound to accept as a fair statement of the case the accounts given of the Mandarin system by members of the order themselves, who, with a suspicious excess of candour, sometimes represent the people of China as sheep, and the Mandarins, that is, the educated class, as the wolves and tigers who eat them. But we can hardly be wrong in adopting, as an authority on this matter, Sir R. Alcock, whose views have been matured by a long experience, and whose earnest remonstrances against the "censure and abuse" heaped upon the Chinese officials by local journalists and others warrant the presumption that he has not overdrawn his picture in a sense uncomplimentary to the officials. In a "Memorandum on the Present Condition of the Chinese Empire," drawn up for communication to the *Corps Diplomatique* in Peking in 1867, Sir R. Alcock wrote: —

"These again, (disorder and misrule) are to be traced partly to defects in the Government at Peking, and partly to the venality and incapacity of the whole body of officials throughout the empire. The sale of places and rank fills the public offices with corrupt and incompetent men: while the system of exacting heavy fees of office in the shape of bribes from every officer, on appointment or promotion, to those above him, and especially to the high authorities in Peking, in the several Boards and in the palace, lends a sanction to the only means by which such sums can be raised, — extortion and corruption. From the highest to the lowest rank these vices prevail, to the ruin of the people and discredit of the Government. Justice is no longer administered by the tribunals, but in its place injustice is sold notoriously to the highest bidder. Hence universal discontent, tax riots, and more extensive insurrections."

Elsewhere Sir R. Alcock incidentally describes, in a single sentence, the salient features of office-holding in China as the "power of irresponsible taxation;" a state of things which, from our point of view, it

requires some effort of the mind to realize. If we suppose Great Britain parcelled out, by a system of wholesale bribery, among a band of hungry tax-gatherers, whose powers of extortion were only limited by the capacity of the people to respond to their exactions; against whom there was no appeal to any tribunal; who were unfettered by any written law; who were bound by no territorial sympathies to the field of their golden harvest, their term of office lasting only for about three years in one locality; we should still have but an inadequate conception of what is comprehended in Sir R. Alcock's picture of official life in China. What renders the state of things at once most calamitous and most desperate is, the absence of political life among the masses, and the paralysis of the moral sense everywhere which condones these corrupt practices. The exceptional mandarin, who would forego his opportunities of enriching himself, would be less likely to be honoured as a patriot than despised as a person who was too simple to be entrusted with the management of affairs. There appears to be no personage in the empire too exalted in station to receive common bribes; for Sir R. Alcock singles out for special remark "the high authorities in Peking in the several Boards, and in the palace."

That the oligarchy thus graphically portrayed by the late British Minister should subordinate the national prosperity to what they conceive to be their personal and immediate interests, is perfectly natural; and, from what we have seen of their peculiar type of morality, we can appreciate the remark of the present British Minister, that the increase of foreign trade is considered by them a moral wrong. No ethical research is required to account for the detestation in which the Mandarinate holds foreign intercourse, whether it be commercial, diplomatic, social, or religious. An instinctive dread of change, and of possible disturbance to the system under which the industrial resources of the country are placed practically at the disposal of the bureaucracy, will account for the whole anti-foreign policy of the Chinese Government. The spread of knowledge, and the birth of political opinion among the people of China as the result of contact with the energetic races of the world, are intelligible subjects of apprehension to the authorities.*

* "The increasing intercourse between the Chinese people and foreigners, by means of communication at the Treaty-ports, and the passage to and

In our relations with a power so constituted and to circumstanced as the Government of China is, it would appear that the gentle agency of diplomacy can find no place. The position attained by foreign nations in China could only be, in the words of Sir R. Alcock, "created by force, naked physical force;" and his declaration that "to maintain or improve that position we must still look to force in some form, latent or expressed, for the result," is entitled to the gravest consideration. This is, indeed, plain speaking; and it is no wonder that the Lords of Trade attached "the greatest possible significance" to the fact thus bluntly communicated to them; "for if," they say, "the principle of creating new openings for trade by force has been definitively renounced by her Majesty's Government, it follows that, unless some other basis can be found on which to rest our future relations with China, our trade with that empire, and the great interests involved in it, must be precarious and insecure." How urgently "some other basis" of international relations is needed, will appear from a perusal of the Blue-book "China," No. 5, of 1871, the 467 pages of which are filled with the history of a complete break-down in our diplomatic machinery, as applied to Chinese affairs. It is recorded in this volume that, during the years 1868 and 1869, strenuous efforts were made by the British Minister to obtain, by way of the revision of the Treaty of Tientsin, some concession of trading facilities for foreigners. Steam-navigation on the principal rivers, and a qualified right of residence for commercial purposes in the interior, were among the chief *desiderata*, and the benefit to both Chinese and foreigners was held out as the inducement to grant them. Railroads and telegraphs, the most potent means of stimulating trade, were studiously omitted from the discussion, as being too far in advance of any step the Chinese Government would be likely to

take. To obtain the more practicable concessions, no device that could be legitimately resorted to by Sir R. Alcock seems to have been left untried; but the substance of the response was an unvarying negative. It happened that concerning one, at least, of the principal subjects of negotiation, there was an unusual unanimity on the part of those who officially represented the mercantile and manufacturing interests of England. Mr. Wade, a loyal advocate of the conservative rights of the Chinese, was "of opinion, that we may fairly urge the Chinese to allow us to trade with steamers" along certain routes where we may be prepared to place consular establishments. He elsewhere specified the Great River, as high up as Chungking, in Szechuen, the Tungting Lake, and other water-courses, as proper to be thrown open to steam-traffic; and he considered "the multiplication of steamers the most developing agency that we bring to bear on the cause of advancement in China." The Board of Trade, in the same despatch in which it commented with some asperity on the excess of zeal displayed by Sir R. Alcock in seeking the extension of British commerce — was, nevertheless, constrained to admit that "there would appear to be no direction in which trade can be extended with less risk than by steam-communication along the Yangtze and other great rivers." Yet to all the arguments urged in favour of opening these water-courses to steam, as well as to the other proposals of improvement, the Chinese Government opposed a stolid resistance; and the best arrangement that could be made with them, after two years of the most active moral pressure that could be brought to bear by any single Power, was such that, on the representations of those commercially interested, the Queen refused her ratification to the Convention in which it was embodied.

Moral suasion, as exerted by England individually, having thus proved unavailing, and coercive measures being out of the question, there would seem to be little hope at present of escaping from the dead-lock in our Chinese affairs, unless it be from "the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers," as pointed out at the close of the communication of the Board of Trade already cited. The efficacy of, and necessity for, such co-operation has, indeed, been always recognized by the best authorities; and matters have now come to such a pass, that it might be worth while to bring the maxim down from the region of mere theory. "If there is

fro of some 20,000 or 40,000 intelligent natives annually, as well as the introduction of Western scientific and moral teaching through missionary publications and foreign newspapers, now regularly translated into Chinese, is slowly but surely awakening the people to a sense of their own ignorance of the outer world, their general inferiority as a nation, and the artificial nature of the system by which they are ruled. The literati, with intuitive presence, feel that their craft is in danger, and that their influence will be lost should the growth of foreign intercourse not be checked." — "British Policy in China," by a Shanghai Merchant. In this little treatise the salient errors in the conduct of our intercourse with the Chinese are exposed with singular clearness and in narrow compass. The pamphlet will well repay perusal.

one act of diplomacy," wrote Sir F. Bruce in 1860, "understood by the Chinese, it is that of separating interests which ought to be identical." And with reference to the special case of the Taku treachery in 1859, he observed, "there is evidence of a hope on the part of the Chinese that the present question may be considered as one affecting the English only," a hope that was fortunately disappointed by the continuance of the French alliance through the Peking campaign of 1860. Subsequently we perceive the Chinese patiently following out the maxim *Divide et impera*, and of late years it has been France more especially whom they have endeavoured to isolate from the other Powers. A Chinese minister, in conversation with Sir R. Alcock, "intimated a conviction, or it might only be a hope, that France might herself, ere long, be so embroiled in Europe as to have little leisure or power to dictate the law to other countries so far distant as China." These words were uttered on May 19, 1869; and read in the light of the terrible events of 1870, they have a peculiar and painful interest to us. The events of 1870, to which we more particularly allude, are the wholesale massacre of French subjects and protégés at Tientsin, and almost simultaneously, the overthrow of the French Empire. If the co-operative policy was ever to be employed, then was surely the time for this country to show her adhesion to it by espousing in the Far East the common cause of civilized mankind. Her Majesty's Government, however, held aloof, or interposed only so far as to proclaim their determination to remain passive, thereby virtually sheltering the instigators of the Tientsin massacre from the consequences of their crime. "Were they not Frenchmen* who were massacred, and is it not exclusively a French question?" seems to be the burden of the Foreign Office correspondence on the subject, thinly veiled under a flutter of official platitudes. A "safe course," doubtless, for the passing moment, but hardly likely to contribute much towards the discovery of that "other basis on which to rest our future relations with China" which the Board of Trade hopes for from "the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers."

* One of the victims was Miss Alice O'Sullivan, an Irish lady, well known in the European communities of China. It seems to have been held that by her association with the French and other Sisters of Mercy she forfeited her right to British protection. The Imperial Government of China is said to have appraised her at 3000*l.*, but whether this sum has been accepted, and by whom, does not appear.

It should not be forgotten that there is one Power which has not merely a preponderating interest, but an interest compared with which that of all other states is insignificant, in promoting combined action in China, and that power is Great Britain.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAVED!

"Unto the great Twin Brethren

We keep this solemn feast.

Swift, swift the great Twin Brethren

Came spurring from the East!"

CASTOR and Pollux did us notable service that morning at Worcester. Arthur was coming round to see Bell before we started. Queen Tita was oppressed by anxious fears; and declared that now the great crisis had come, and that the young man from Twickenham would demand some pledge from Bell as he bade her good-bye. The dread of this danger drove the kindly little woman into such exaggerations of his misconduct of yesterday that I began to wonder if this Arthur were really the same lad she used to pet and think so much of when he came down to Leatherhead and dawdled with my Lady and Bell along the Surrey lanes of an evening. What had changed him since then?

"You are pleased to be profound," says Tita, abruptly.

Well, I was only pointing out to her that one of the chief accomplishments of life is consideration for the sick; and that whereas nearly all women seem to have an inherited instinct that way, men only acquire the habit as the result of experience and reflection. Indeed, with most women, the certain passport to their interest and kindness is to be unwell and exact a great deal of patient service from them. Now—I was saying to Tita, when she uttered that unnecessary rebuke—why don't women show the same consideration to those who are mentally ailing?—to the unfortunate persons whose vexed and irritated brain renders them peevish and ill-tempered? Once get a patient down with fever, and all his fractions: complainings are soothed, and all his querulous whims are humoured. But when the same man

is rendered a little insane by meeting with a disappointment—or if he is unable to stand being crossed in argument, so that the mildest statement about some such contested subject as the American War, Governor Eyre, or the Annexation of Alsace, sends a flash of flame through his head—why should not the like allowance be made for his infirmities? Why should the man who is ill-tempered because of a fever be humoured, caressed, and coaxed; and the man who is ill-tempered because his reason is liable to attacks of passion, be regarded as an ill-conditioned boor, not fit for the society of well-bred ladies and gentlemen?

"I think," says Tita, with a little warmth, "you do nothing now but try to invent excuses for Arthur. And it is not fair. I am very sorry for him if he is so vexed that he loses his temper; but that does not excuse his being absolutely rude."

"But his rudeness is part of his ailment," I venture to say. "Ordinarily, he is the mildest and gentlest of young men, who would shrink from a charge of rudeness as the worst thing you could urge against him. At present he is off his head. He does not know what he says—or rather, he is incapable of controlling his utterances. He is really sick with a fever—though it isn't one of those, apparently, that secure the commiseration of even the most angelic of women."

I regarded that last expression as rather effective; but no. My Lady remarked that she was not accustomed to the treatment of the insane; and that another day such as that she had just passed would soon make her as ill as himself.

Our Bonny Bell did not seem so disturbed as might have been expected. When we went down to the coffee-room we found the Lieutenant and her sitting at opposite sides of a small table, deeply engaged over a sheet of paper. On our entrance the document was hastily folded up and smuggled away.

"It is a secret," said the Lieutenant, anticipating inquiry. "You shall not know until we are away on our journey again. It is a packet to be opened in a quiet place—no houses near, no persons to listen; and then—and then——"

"Perhaps it will remain a secret? *Bien!* Life is not long enough to let one meddle with secrets; they take up so much time in explanation, and then they never contain anything."

"But this is a very wonderful thing," said the Lieutenant, "and you must hurry

to get away from Worcester that you shall hear of it."

We were, however, to have another sealed packet that morning. Master Arthur, knowing full well that he would have but little chance of speaking privately with Bell, had entrusted his thoughts to a piece of paper and an envelope; and just as we were in the hurry of departure, the young man appeared. The truth was, the Lieutenant had ordered the horses to be put in some quarter of an hour before the time we had said we should start; and my Lady showed so much anxiety to set forth at once that I saw she hoped to leave before Arthur came.

The phaeton stood in the archway of the hotel, and on the stone steps were flung the rugs and books.

"My dear," says Tita, rather anxiously, to Bell, "do get in! The horses seem rather fresh, and—and——"

"Won't you wait to bid good-bye to Arthur?" says Bell.

"It is impossible to say when he will come—he will understand—I will leave a message for him," says Queen Titania, all in a breath; and with that the Lieutenant assists Bell to get up in front.

I have the reins in my hand, awaiting orders. The last rugs are thrown up, books stowed away, everything in readiness; Tita takes her seat behind, and the Lieutenant is on the point of getting up.

At this moment Arthur comes round the corner, is amazed for a moment to see us ready to start, and then suddenly brings out a letter.

"Bell," he says, "I—I have—there is something here I want you to see—only a moment, and you can give me an answer now—yes or no——"

The unfortunate young man was obviously greatly excited; his face quite pale, and his speech rapid and broken. He handed up the letter: the crisis that Tita had endeavoured to avoid had come. But in this our darkest hour—as I have already hinted—Castor and Pollux came to the rescue. It was the battle of the Lake Regillus acted once again in the gateway of the Worcester Star Hotel. For Pollux, casting his head about and longing to start, managed to fix his bit on the end of the pole; and, of course, a wild scene ensued. Despite the efforts of the ostler, the horse threw himself back on his haunches; the phaeton described a curve, and was driven against the wall with a loud crash; the people about fled in every direction, and the Lieutenant jumped out and sprang to the horses' heads. Pollux

was still making violent efforts to extricate himself, and Castor, having become excited, was plunging about; so that for a moment it seemed as though the vehicle would be shattered in pieces against the wall of the court. The women were quite still, except that Tita uttered a little suppressed cry as she saw the Lieutenant hanging on to the rearing horses. He stuck manfully to their heads, and, with the assistance of the ostler, at last managed to get the bit off. Then both horses sprang forward. It would have been impossible to have confined them longer in this narrow place. The Lieutenant leaped in behind; and the next moment the phaeton was out in the main street of Worcester, both horses plunging and pulling so as to turn all eyes towards us. Certainly, it was a good thing the thoroughfare was pretty clear. The great Twin Brethren, not knowing what diabolical occurrence had marked their setting out, were speeding away from the place with might and main; and with scarcely a look at Worcester we found ourselves out in the country again, amid quiet and wooded lanes, with all the sweet influences of a bright summer morning around us.

"I hope you are not hurt," said my Lady to the Lieutenant, who was looking about to see whether the smash had taken some of our paint off, or done other damage.

"Oh, not in the least, Madame," he said, "but I find that one of my boots it is cut, so that I think the shoe of the horse must have done it. And has he caught on the pole before?"

"Only once," she says.

"Then I would have the bit made with bars across, so that it will be more difficult; for suppose this did happen in the road, and there was a ditch, and he backed you —"

"I suppose we should go over," remarked Queen Tita, philosophically. "But it is strange how often accidents in driving might occur, and how seldom they do occur. But we must really have the bit altered."

"Well," I say to my gentle companion, "what message did you leave with Arthur?"

"I could not leave any," said Bell, "for of course when the horses went back, he had to get out of their way. But he will understand that I will write to him."

"Have you read the letter?"

"No."

"Do, like a good girl, and have it over. That is always the best way. You must

not go into this beautiful country that lies ahead with a sort of cloud over you."

So Bell took out the letter, and furtively opened it. She read it carefully over, without uttering a word; then she continued looking at it for a long time.

"I am very glad that accident occurred," she remarked, in a low voice. "He said I was to answer 'yes' or 'no.' I could not do that to such a letter as this; and if I had refused, he would have been very much hurt. I will write to him from whatever place we stop at to-night."

This resolution seemed greatly to comfort her. If any explanation were needed, it was postponed until the evening; and in the meantime we had fine weather, fresh air, and all the bright colours of an English landscape around us. Bell rapidly resumed her ordinary good spirits. She begged to have the reins; and when these had been handed over to her, with various cautions, the excitement of driving a pair of horses that yet showed considerable signs of freshness brought a new colour into her cheeks. The route which we now followed was one of the prettiest we had yet met with. Instead of following the old stage-coach route by Droitwich, we struck almost due north by a line of small and picturesque villages lying buried in the heart of this deeply-wooded country. The first of these was Ombersley — a curious little clump of cottages, nearly all of which were white, with black bars of woodwork crossed and re-crossed; and they had odd gables, and lattices, and decorations, so that they looked almost like toy-cottages. Wearing white and black in this prominent way, our Uhlán immediately claimed them as Prussian property; but beyond the fact of their showing the Prussian colours, there was little else foreign-looking about those old-fashioned English houses lying along this level lane, and half hidden amid elms. As we got up into the higher ground above Ombersley we found around us a very pleasant landscape; and it seemed to strike my gentle-eyed companion that the names of the villages around had been chosen to accord with the tender and sylvan beauties of this pretty piece of country. One of the sign-posts we passed had inscribed on it, "To Doverdale and Hampton Lovett." Then in the neighbourhood are Elmley Lovett, Elmbridge, Crossway Green, and Gardeners' Grove; while down between these runs Doverdale Brook, skirting Westmoor Park, the large house of which we could see as a faint blue mound amid the general leafage. The country, which is flat about Ombersley,

gets more undulating about Hartlebure and on towards Kidderminster. The road winds up and down gentle hills, with tall and ruddy banks of sand on each side, which are hanging with every variety of wild flower and wayside weed. On both hands dense woods come down to these tall and picturesque banks; and you drive through an atmosphere laden with moist and resinous scents.

It was fortunate for us, indeed, that before starting we had lived for a time in town; for all the various perfumes of the hedges and fields came upon us with a surprise. Every now and again, on these cool and breezy mornings, we would drive past a hay-field, with the fresh and sweet odours blowing all around. Or perhaps it was a great clump of wild-rose bushes that filled the air with delicate scent. Then the lime-trees were in flower: and who does not know the delight of passing under the boughs laden with blossom, when the bees are busy overhead? More rarely, but still frequently enough in this favoured country, a whiff of honeysuckle was borne to us as we passed. And if these things sweetened the winds that blew about us, consider what stars of colour refreshed the eye as we drove gently past the tall hedge-rows and borders of woods—the golden rock-roses, purple patches of wild thyme, the white glimmering of stitchwort and campion, the yellow spires of the snapdragon, and a thousand others. And then, when we ceased to speak, there was no blank of silence. Away over the hay-field the lark floated in the blue, making the air quiver with his singing; the robin, perched on a fence, looked at us saucily, and piped a few notes by way of remark; the blackbird was heard, flute-throated, down in the hollow recesses of the woods; and the thrush, in a holly-tree by the wayside, sang out his sweet, clear song, that seemed to rise in strength as the wind awoke a sudden rustling through the long woods of birch and oak.

"Well, touching that sealed packet?" says my Lady, aloud.

"Oh no, Madame," replies the Lieutenant. "This is not the time for it. If I must tell you the truth, it is only a drinking-song I have been trying to remember of a young Englishman who was at Bonn with me; and Mademoiselle was so good this morning as to alter some of the words. But now?—a drinking-song in this fine, quiet country?—No. After we have got to Kidderminster, and when we drive away after lunch, then, Mademoiselle will play for you the air I did show to her,

and I will sing you the song. All what is needed is that you drink some Rhine wine at Kidderminster to make you like the song."

"Kidderminster Rhine wine!" exclaims one of the party, with a groan. He knows that whatever is suggested now by the Lieutenant finds favour with a clear majority of the party.

"That was a very good young fellow," continues the Lieutenant, as we drive over a high slope, and come in view of a mass of manufactories. "Very big and strong he was; we did call him *der grosse Engländer* always; and one time, in the winter, when there was much snow, we had a supper-party at his room. We had many duels then, for we were only boys, but the Englishman was not supposed to be challenged, for he knew nothing of our swords, but he was always ready to fight with his fists for all that. And this evening, I am afraid we did drink too much beer, and young Schweitzer of Magdeburg—he died at Königgrätz, the unfortunate, in '66—he was very angry with the Engländer for laughing at his sweetheart, who was but a young lady in a school there. And he challenged the Englishman, and went up to him, and said he would not go away until there was a fight; and do you know what your countryman did? He lifted Schweitzer up in his arms, like a baby, and carried him down the stairs, and opened the door, and put him in the snow outside, very gently. There was so much laughing over that, that we all said it was very good; and Schweitzer was grown sober by the cool of the snow; and he laughed too, and I think they swore *brüderschaft* about it afterwards. Oh, he was a very clever fellow, your countryman, and had more delight in our songs than any German I ever knew. But you know how that is?"

Madame said it was no wonder any one should be in love with the German songs; but the Lieutenant shook his head.

"That is not it at all: no. This is it—that when you know only a little of a language, you do not know what is commonplace in it. The simple phrase which is commonplace to others is all full of meaning to you. So I find it with your English. You would laugh if I told you that I find much meaning in poetry that you think only good for children, and in old-fashioned writing, which looks affected now. Because, Madame, is it not true that all common-place phrases meant some new thing at one time? It is only my ignorance that I do not know they have

grown old and worth little. Now the evening at Twickenham I did hear you go over the names of old-fashionable English songs, and much fun was made of the poetry. But to me, that was very good — a great deal of it — because nothing in English is to me commonplace as yet."

"How fortunate you must be," says one of us with a sigh.

"You laugh when you say, '*Flow on, thou shining river!*' Why? The river flows: and it shines. I see a clear picture out of the words — like the man who wrote them; I am not accustomed to them so as to think them stupid. Then I saw you laugh when some one said '*I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.*' I did read that song; and although it is stupid that the man thinks he will live in marble halls, I found much tenderness in it. So with this young Englishman. He knew nothing of what was commonplace in our language. If you gave him children's rhymes, he looked at the meaning; and judged it all by that. And when we showed him stiff, artificial verses of old times, he seemed to go back to the time when they were written, and believe much in them, and like them. That is a very good thing in ignorance, I think — when you know not much of a language, and every word has much meaning in it, and there is no commonplace anywhere."

This lecture of the Lieutenant took us into Kidderminster. What married man is not familiar with this name — held up to him as an awful threat in reply to his grumbings about the price of Turkey and Brussels carpets? As we drove in to the busy town, signs of the prevailing manufacture were everywhere apparent in the large red-brick factories. We put up at the "Lion," and while Von Rosen went off to buy himself a new pair of boots, we went for a stroll up to the interesting old church, the fine brasses and marble monuments of which have drawn many a stranger to the spot. Then we climbed to the top of the tower, and from the zinc roof thereof had a spacious view over the level and wooded country, which was deeply streaked by bands of purple, where the clouds threw their shadows. Far below us lay the red, busy, smoky town set amid green fields; while the small river ran through it like a black snake, for the bed had been drained, and in the dark mud a multitude of boys could be seen wading, scooping about for eels. When we descended, Von Rosen had got his boots, and was prowling about the churchyard, reading the curious inscriptions there. One of them informed the

world of the person laid beneath that, "added to the character of a Gentleman, his actions were coeval with his Integrity, Hospitality, and Benevolence." But our amiable guide, who had pointed out to us all the wonderful features of Kidderminster and its neighbourhood, evidently looked on one particular grave-stone as the chief curiosity of the place; for this, he informed us, was placed over a man who had prepared the vault and the inscription ten years before his death. Here is the legend: —

"To the Memory of
JOHN ORTON
A MAN FROM LEICESTERSHIRE
And when he is dead he must lie under
HERE."

The man from Leicestershire was not "alone among mortals" in anticipating his end in this fashion; but no matter. A man may well be allowed to humour himself in the way of a tombstone; it is the last favour he can ask from the world.

"Now," said the Lieutenant, as we drove away from this manufacturing town into the fresh country again, "shall I sing you the song which the young Englishman used to sing for us; or shall we wait until the evening?"

"Now, by all means," said Bell; "and if you will be so good as to give me out the guitar, I will try to play you an accompaniment."

"A guitar accompaniment to a drinking song!" says Titania.

"Oh, but this is not a drinking song, exactly, Madame — it is a very moral song; and we shall discuss each verse as it goes along, and you will make alterations of it."

So he got out the guitar. We were now far away from any houses — all around us great woods, that lay dark and green under a clouded afternoon sky. The road was very hilly; and sometimes, from the summit of a great height, we caught a glimpse of a long western stretch of country, lying blue and misty under the grey sky. Behind us Kidderminster looked like a dusky red splotch in a plain of green; and all around it the meadows and fields were low and intense in colour. But then in the west we could see an occasional glimpse of yellow in the pall of cloud; and we hoped the sunset would break through the veil.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Lieutenant, "the song I am about to sing to you —"

Here Bell began to play a light prelude; and without further introduction our Uhlan

startled the silence of the woods and fields by singing, in a profound and melancholy voice, the first two verses of the ballad composed by the young Englishman at Bonn, which ran somewhat as follows :—

"Oh, Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink,
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,

You'll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose

"'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk,
'Tis a very nice colour, in satin or silk;
But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows

In a halo around the extreme of your nose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
Is a very bad thing at the tip of your toes."

"Well, Madame, how do you like it so far as we have got?" says the Lieutenant, as Bell is extemporising a somewhat wild variation of the air.

"I think your young English friend gave you very good advice; and I have no doubt the students needed it very much."

"But you shall hear what he says; he was not a teetotaler at all."

And therewith the Lieutenant continued:—

"If tippie you must, in beer, spirits, or wine,
There are wholesome vintages hail from the Rhine;

And, take the advice of a fellow who knows,
Hochheimer's as gentle as any that goes—
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
Doth never appear from the wine I propose.

"Oh, Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink,
Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,

Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
You'll discover the colour of Burgundy rose:
Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,

A fatal affliction is Burgundy rose!"

"Oh, you two scapegraces!" cried Queen Titania. "I know now why you were laying your heads together this morning, and poring over that sheet of paper; you were engaged in perverting an honest and well-intentioned song into a recommendation of German wines. I am sure that third verse is not in the original. I am certain the young English student never wrote it. It was written in Worcester this very morning; and I call on you to produce the original, so that we may cut out this very bad moral that has been introduced."

"The original, Madame?" said the Lieutenant, gravely. "There is no original. I have repeated it most from memory—as he used to sing it at Bonn—and I put it down on paper only that Mademoiselle might correct me about the words. No—I have put in no moral. You think your countryman did not like the Rhine wines? Pfuil!—you should have seen him drink them then, if he did not like them! And the very dear ones, too, for he had plenty of money; and we poor devils of the Germans used to be astonished at his extravagance, and sometimes he was called 'miford' for a joke. When we did go to his room to the supper-parties, we could not believe that any young man not come of age should have so much money given to him by his parents. But it did not spoil him one bit; he was as good, frank, careless as any man, and when he did get to know the language better he worked hard, and had such notes of the lectures as not any one, I think, in the whole university had."

A strange thing now occurred. We were driving along level and wooded lanes, running parallel with the Severn. The small hamlets we passed, merely two or three houses smothered in elms, are appropriately named greens—Fen Green, Dodd's Green, Bard's Green, and the like; and on either side of us were lush meadows, with the cattle standing deep in the grass. Now all at once that long bar of glimmering yellow across the western clouds burst asunder; and at the same moment a glare of light shone along the southern sky, where there was evidently abundant rain. We had no sooner turned to look at this flood of golden mist, than all around us there was a stir in the hedges and the tall elms by the roadside—we were enveloped in sunshine; with it came a quick pattering on the leaves; and then we found the air glittering with white drops and slanting streaks. In the wild glare of the sunlight the shower shone and sparkled around us, and the heavier it fell—until the sound of it was like the hissing of the sea on a pebbly beach—the more magical grew the effects of the mingled light and wet. Nor was it a passing shower merely. The air was still filled with the gleaming lines of the rain, the sunlight still shone mistily through it and lit up the green meadows and the trees with a wonderful radiance, as we wrapt cloaks round our companions and drove leisurely on. It was impossible to think that this luminous rain could wet us like ordinary rain. But by and by it drew itself off; and then Bell,

with a sudden little cry, besought the Lieutenant to pull up the horses.

Had we driven under a cloud, and escaped at the other edge? Close behind us there was still mingled rain and sunlight; but beyond that again the sky was heaped up with immense dark blue masses. A rainbow shone in front of this black background. A puff of white cloud ran across the darkness, telling of contrary winds. And then when we turned from this gleaming and glowing picture to continue our course, lo! all the west had cleared, and a great dim smoke of yellow lay over the land, where the sky came down.

"It is like the sea, is it not?" said Bell, rising up in the phaeton and steadying herself to look into this distant world of gold. "Don't you expect to find the masts of ships and sea-birds flying about there?"

And then in the cool and fresh evening, with the dusk coming on, we drove up the valley of the Severn, by Quat and Quatford, towards our resting-place for the night. As we passed by Quatford Castle, the river, lying amid the dark meadows, had caught a glow of crimson fire from the last reflection of the sunset. A blue mist lay about the sides of the abrupt hill on which the town of Bridgenorth is pitched; but as we wound round the hill to gain the easiest ascent, we came again into the clear, metallic glow of the west. It was a hard pull on the horses, just at the end of their day's work, was this steep and circuitous ascent; but at length we got into the rough streets of the old town, and in the fading twilight sought out the yellow and comfortable glow of the Crown Hotel.

We had got in passing a vague glimpse of a wide space around an old town-house, with a small crowd of people collecting. They had come to hear the playing of a Volunteer band. Therefore, as we sat down to dinner, we had some very good music being played to us from without; and when at last it was gone, and the quaint old town on the top of the hill left to its ordinary silence, we found it was time to light our cigars and open the b  zique-box.

Probably no one noticed it; but it is a curious circumstance that Bell had apparently forgotten all about her determination to write to Arthur. There was no shadow of a cloud on her face, and she enjoyed the winning of various games—assisted thereto by the obvious ministrations of the Lieutenant—with as much delight and careless amusement as though there was not anywhere in the world a young man sitting in his solitary chamber and wishing that he had never been born. But it was cer-

tainly not hard-heartedness that gave to Bell the enjoyment of that one evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

"But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store."

THE Lieutenant was pensive. He and I had gone out for a turn before breakfast, and wandered on to the high promenade which, skirting one portion of the lofty town, looked down on the valley of the Severn, the huddled houses underneath the rocky height, and the bridge spanning the stream. It was a bright and cool morning; and the landscape that lay around was shining in the sun.

"England," he said, leaning his arms on the stone parapet of the walk, "is a very pleasant country to live in, I think."

I thanked him for the compliment.

"You are very free in your actions here: you do what you please. Only consider how you are at this moment."

But I had to protest against our young Prussian friend continually regarding this excursion as the normal condition of our existence. I showed him that we were not always enjoying ourselves in this fashion; that a good deal of hard work filled the long interval of the winter months; and that even Bell—whom he had grown to regard as a sort of feature of English scenery—a wild bird forever on the wing through sunlight and green leaves—worked as hard as any of us.

"It is pleasant to be able to play dexterously on the piano, or the guitar, or what not, but that accomplishment means imprisonment with hard labour stretching over years. It is very nice to be able to put on a sheet of paper, with a few rapid touches, the outlines of a scene which delights you, and to find yourself able to reproduce this afterwards in water or oil, and have it publicly exhibited and sold; but do you know how much work it involves? Bell is a most untiring young woman, I promise you, and not likely to fall asleep in counting her fingers."

"Oh, I am sure of that," he said, absently. "She has too much spirit, too much life, to be indolent. But I was thinking—I was thinking whether, if a man was to change his country, he would choose England out of all the other countries to live in. Here it is. Your people in England who only enjoy themselves must be

very rich, must they not? Is it a good country, I wonder, for a man who would have about 800*l.* a year?"

"Not without some occupation. But why do you ask?"

He only stared at the bushes down below us on the rocks, and at the river far below them.

"What would you say," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to come and live in England, and become naturalized, and never go back to my native country again?"

"And give up your profession, with all its interest and excitement?"

He was silent for a minute or two; and then he said—

"I have done more than the service that is expected from every man in Prussia; and I do not think my country goes to war for many years to come. About the excitement of a campaign and the going into battle—well, there is much mistake about that. You are not always in enthusiasm; the long marches, the wet days, the waiting for months in one place—there is nothing heroic in that. And when you do come to the battle itself—come, my dear friend, I will tell you something about that."

He seemed to wake up then. He rose from his recumbent position and took a look round the shining country that lay along the valley of the Severn.

"All the morning before the battle," said the Lieutenant, "you have great gloom; and it seems as if the day is dark overhead. But this is strange—that you think you can see very far, and you can see all your friends in Germany, and think you could almost speak to them. You expect to go forward to meet the enemy; and you hate him that he is waiting for you upon some of the hills or behind his entrenchments. Then the hurry comes of getting on horseback; and you are very friendly to all your companions—and they are all very pleasant and laughing at this time, except one or two, who are thinking of their home. Your regiment is ordered forward: you do not know what to think: perhaps you wish the enemy would run away, or that your regiment is not needed, and sometimes you have a great wish of anger towards him; but all this is shifting, gloomy, uncertain, that you do not think two things one moment. Then you hear the sound of the firing, and your heart beats fast for a little while, and you think of all your friends in Germany; and this is the time that is the worst. You are angry with all the men who provoke wars in their courts and parliaments; and you think it

is a shame you should be there to fight for them; and you look at the pleasant things you are leaving all behind in your own home, just as if you were never to see them any more. That is a very wretched and miserable time, but it does not last very long if you are ordered to advance; and then, my dear friend, I can assure you that you do not care one farthing for your own life—that you forget your home altogether, and you think no more of your friends; you do not even hate the enemy in front any more—it is all a stir, and life, and eagerness; and a warm, glad feeling runs through all your veins, and when the great 'hurrah' comes, and you ride forward, you think no more of yourself; you say to yourself, 'Here is for my good Fatherland!'—and then——"

A sort of sob stuck in the throat of the big Lieutenant.

"Bah!" said he, with a frown, as if the bright morning and the fresh air had done him an injury, "what is the use of waiting out here, and killing ourselves with hunger?"

Bell was writing when we went into the hotel. As we entered she hastily shut up her small portfolio.

"Why not finish your letter, Mademoiselle?" he said, gently. "It will be a little time before breakfast comes in."

"I can finish it afterwards," said the girl, looking rather embarrassed.

Of course, when the Lieutenant perceived that the attention thus drawn to the letter had caused her some confusion, he immediately rushed into another subject, and said to Queen Titania, with a fine affectation of carelessness—

"You will laugh, Madame, at our having yet another adventure in a stationer's shop."

"I think," said my Lady, gravely, "that I must put a stop to these wanderings about in the early morning. I cannot quite make out why you should always get up hours before anybody else; but I find that generally some story is revealed afterwards of a young lady."

"But there is no young lady this time," said the Lieutenant, "but a very worthy man whom we found in the stationer's shop. And he has been at Sedan, and he has brought back the breech of a mitrailleuse and showed it all to us, and he has written a small book about his being in France, and did present us with a copy of it, and would not take any payment for it. Oh, he is a very remarkable and intelligent man to be found in a stationer's shop up in this curious old town on the top of a

hill; but then I discovered he is a Scotchman, and do you not say here that a Scotchman, is a great traveller, and is to be found everywhere? And I have looked into the little book, and I think it very sensible and good, and a true account of what he has seen."

"Then I presume he extols your countrymen?" says my Lady, with a smile.

"Madame," replies the Lieutenant, "I may assure you of this, that a man who has been in a campaign and seen both the armies, does not think either army an army of angels, and the other an army of demons. To believe one nation to have all the good, and another nation to have all the bad, that can only be believed by people who have seen none of them. I think my friend the stationer has written so much of what he saw, that he had no time for stupid imaginations about the character of two whole countries."

At this moment the introduction of breakfast broke our talk in this direction. After breakfast Bell finished her letter. She asked the Lieutenant to get it stamped and posted for her, and handed it openly to him. But, without looking at it, he must have known that it was addressed to "Arthur Ashburton, Esq., Essex Court, Temple."

"Well," said Bell, coming down-stairs with her hat on, "let us go out now, and see the town. It must be a very pleasant old place. And the day is so fine;—don't you think we have had quite exceptional weather hitherto, Count von Rosen?"

Of course he said the weather had been lovely; but how was it that Bell was so sure beforehand that she would be pleased with Bridgenorth? The delight was already in her face, and beaming in her eyes. She knew the weather must be fine. She was certain we should have a delicious drive during the day, and was positive the country through which we had to pass would be charming. The observant reader will remark that a certain letter had been posted.

From Blackwood's Magazine
FRENCH LANGUAGE.

If the nations of the earth were convoked in a universal *Plébiscite* in order to determine by their vote what is the most inveterate habit they each possess, the probabilities are that the verdict of the majority would not be in favour of tobacco,

or of a particular shape of clothes, or of certain sorts of food, or even of going to bed; but that the inhabitants of the four continents and Australasia would pretty well agree that the custom of their mother tongue is deeper rooted than any other. It is true that native languages may be utterly forgotten; but, in that case, they are replaced by some other dialect of which the use becomes as absolute as if it were the original form of speech. And even in the exceptional cases where several tongues are spoken with almost equal skill, there is always one of them which is unconsciously preferred, which forms the adopted channel of thought;—there is always one in which, though perhaps scarcely knowing it, we count, swear, and pray. Those three acts constitute the test—they indicate the old habit, the inconscient choice—they betray the origin, or, at all events, the land of education, of the speaker. We may acquire other idioms than our own with such completeness that we think in them when we are using them with other persons, but directly we get into a passion, directly we are alone with our conscience or with figures, we relapse into the one dialect which is essentially our own, and thereby indicate the source of our early teaching. Preferences based upon comparison, if we were free to exercise them, might lead us to use other tongues for these three acts; but there is something in us which stifles choice,—we obey our early habit, even though we recognize that our thought would find better expression in other words.

An influence so subtle, so constant, and so overpowering, can scarcely exist within and around us without affecting something more than the mere words we use; it must surely exercise some action on our character as well. The form in which our ideas are habitually couched, must react, in some degree, on the ideas themselves, so that national differences of language may possibly be admitted as one of the indirect causes of the differences of national character. This fact, however, if fact it be, is essentially modern in its origin and its result: so long as languages were in process of formation the movement was, of course, the other way; character then directed idiom and gave it life and shape: it is only since each race has acquired a definitely completed form of speech, in which the education of its members is conducted, that the reaction which is here suggested can have grown into existence; it is only since dialects have at-

tained their actual state of relative perfection that they have been able to recoil upon their makers, and to aid in guiding the attitude of their thoughts. The consequences of such a movement (if really it is at work) must necessarily be most felt by populations which talk abundantly, for its power can only spring from use and can only augment by use. As the French are probably the greatest talkers in the universe, it is on them, therefore, that the suggested recoil should be producing its most marked effects. If this theory be true, the French are no longer really masters of their language; on the contrary, their language is tending to become their master, not materially — but morally, not in the forms of phrase they use, but in a partial and hitherto unrecognized subservience of their thinking to those forms. The effect, however, is difficult to seize, and still more difficult to trace throughout its course. Its reality would generally be denied; for people would not like to own that their intelligence is somewhat at the mercy of the words they habitually employ. Every one believes that there is analogy between the character of his nation and of its language, that the former originally formed the latter, and that the one may in some degree be tested by the other; but we are scarcely ready yet to own, that possibly the relation between cause and effect is becoming introverted, and that language is beginning to fashion us as it was once fashioned by our forefathers.

And yet, if we take the subject in its largest aspect; if we consider the influence of language, not only in literature and art, but in politics and history as well; if we acknowledge, as we can scarcely fail to do, that "language offers the surest means of permanent domination;" if we look at Russia forcibly suppressing the old idiom of Poland, at Prussia already hunting French out of Alsace and Lorraine; if we own that "great writers are true conquerors," — we shall end by recognising that the fate of nations may be influenced by the language which they speak; and having reached that conviction, we shall find it somewhat easier to detect the less visible and often purely individual effect which the custom of our daily talk may work out in each of us. When Jean Jacques Rousseau said, "The tongues of the south are the daughters of joy, but necessity begot the tongues of the north," he established a distinction which we are half inclined to admit by sympathy, fantastical and exaggerated though it be, and

which may provoke in some of us the instinctive sentiment that such wide difference of origin must have ended by producing forms of speech of so different a character that they can scarcely fail to work different effects on those who habitually employ them. Their influence, thus far at all events, is vague; but as we have what seem to be examples of it before our eyes, we may perhaps confess that the power of expressing courtesy in graceful words disposes men to courtesy; that the creation of abstract expressions inclines their owners to go on employing them in dreamy speculation; that strange neologisms may give birth to a special literature. The French, the Germans, and the Americans appear to illustrate these three suggestions, and to indicate that they may not be altogether false.

The admission of such a principle, in however restricted a degree, gives new value to language in its application to home life. If talking really be a cause, and not simply an effect, it is indoors that it must necessarily do most work, for there it is in constant use, particularly amongst a nation of chatterers like the French. If it there that intimate locutions assume their fullest force and enter deepest into the composition of daily existence; it is there that the familiarity of household words constitutes for each family customs and traditions of its own; it is there, if anywhere, that the habitual handling of an adopted phraseology, passed onwards from the mother to the child, insensibly predisposes towards the ways of thinking which that phraseology best expresses. The man who told the same lie so often that he finally believed it to be truth, was but an example of this sort of action — frequent repetition of the same words ended by convincing him. And so it doubtless is in other shapes with the whole mass of our daily talk; we do not see its influence, but that influence is incessant, and in the long-run must tell upon us all. Specific proofs cannot be yet adduced in support of this probability, but the arguments in its favour are not altogether illusory, and it may some day grow into a certainty. Meanwhile it adds fresh interest to the study of modern languages, and renders it more than ever useful to examine their points of difference. French offers a particularly easy field of inquiry for English people, partly because most of us know something about it, and still more because its character is sufficiently distinct from that of our own tongue to render its peculiarities more striking to us from contrast.

The real attraction of the subject does not lie, however, in the divergences of grammatical construction which separate the two languages; that part of the question was exhausted long ago; and, furthermore, it sheds but little light on the condition of the French people, as evidenced by their talk. The signs of national character come out far more clearly in trifling details of conversation with which grammar has nothing to do—in habitual phrases, in proverbs, similes, and exclamations, in local sayings, and in new words which accident may generate at first, but which habit adopts, and which grow into use because they correspond to a necessity. The conjugation of the verbs, for instance, which establishes so vast a demarcation between the Continental languages and English, does not impart to French any peculiarity of its own. It certainly produces a delicacy of shading of which we have no notion here; but that is no monopoly of France—a dozen other countries possess it too. Such of us as know its value may deplore its absence in our own case, like that of declensions in our nouns; but that is no reason for regarding it as one of the special merits which are inherently proper to French. The insufficiency of expression, the want of the finer tones and colours, which result from our shabby system of auxiliary verbs, are evident enough; but that is a shortcoming peculiar to English: while the far more graceful and perfect modulations which are produced by directly varying every verb in tense and person, according to the service needed from it, belong to every nation except ourselves, and consequently confer no isolated privilege on France. But French, in common, however, to a great degree, with the other Latin tongues, possesses an immense advantage over the Northern languages in another point of grammar—it puts the substantive before the adjective. To an English ear, thoroughly accustomed to the contrary practice, this does not at first seem to involve any kind of merit; but if the principle be looked at closely, without prejudice, its superiority comes clearly into light. The subject, designated by the substantive, is the essential basis of all descriptive sentences; the qualification of the subject—expressed by the adjective employed—is but subsidiary; it indicates the aspect, the character, the nature, but not the thing itself. Surely, then, it is a wiser, truer, more effective form of phrase to state what the subject is before we assign to it its peculiarities.

The French do this; we do not. The French say *un cheval noir*; we say a black horse. The French at once fix our attention on the fact that it is a horse, and nothing but a horse, that they are talking of; while we begin by mentioning a colour, which may belong to anything whatever, and is in no degree a necessary attribute of a horse. If the Frenchman stops after having said "*cheval*," his phrase is absolutely complete so far as its object is concerned; his audience can make no mistake as to what he means; but if we suspend our voice after saying "*black*," our listeners are left to guess what black thing we have in view; for aught they know, it may be a hat, or coal, or night, or a negro. It is true that the context of the unfinished speech may roughly or approximately suggest what species of substantive we were going to name; but even then there is room for abundant doubt as to the particular word left unexpressed. It is useless to add examples, for all would be alike; this one suffices: and if it be considered honestly, without preconceived convictions, it ought to show us that amongst the qualities which constitute effective speaking, in strength, precision, and the all-necessary result of impressing the attention of our auditors with the thought in view, the designation of the thing spoken of before its attributes are defined is one of the most important.

And yet those strange, inexplicable caprices, those odd exceptions, which exist in languages as in all else round us, not unfrequently come in to alter the position of the adjective in French. Here, however, there are, with two exceptions, no rules to guide us, unless it be in a few special cases where the very meaning of the adjective depends on the place it occupies. *Un homme brave* is brave in the English sense of that description; *un brave homme* is simply a good-natured fellow; corresponding differences of signification result from the substitution of *honnête homme* for *homme honnête*, *femme grosse* for *grosse femme*, *pauvre homme* for *homme pauvre*, *sage femme* for *femme sage*. In these cases, and in one or two others like them, dictionaries and grammars may guide the hesitating foreigner; but long habit alone will teach him that, though in speaking of a black horse he must describe it as *un cheval noir* it is equally obligatory to say *un beau cheval*: that *une belle robe*, and *une robe blanche*, *un gros livre* and *un livre amusant*, *une grande femme* and *une femme aimable*, and a hundred similarly contra-

dictory locutions, are all pure French, and cannot be otherwise conveyed. These cases are, however, limited to adjectives expressive of beauty or dimension, which constitute the two exceptions just alluded to; they are not numerous enough to modify the rule: and though it has become a sort of fashion during the last thirty years to try to increase their number, though affected women in particular have a tendency to pile up adjectives before they pronounce the substantive, the instinct of the nation has rejected the attempted innovation — the people feel that what they have is good, and will not change it; and though pretty lips may set them the example of exclaiming, “*quelle charmante, adorable, séduisante créature!*” they refuse to follow in the new track, and stubbornly persist in saying creature first, and giving its merits afterwards. Conceits of language do not take root in France; indeed, since the Directory and its “*incroyables*,” scarcely an attempt has been made to change either phraseology or pronunciation. Spelling has undergone trifling modifications, new words have been introduced, but form and sound have remained virtually unaltered, notwithstanding the attacks of time and fancy. The objection to placing the adjective in front is necessarily an unconscious one, just as the opposite disposition exists unremarked amongst ourselves. No one thinks about such points at all until attention is directed to them; but if an inquisitive traveller asks a Norman or a Gascon peasant why he puts the substantive first, he will be told, three times out of four, with a copious laugh, as if the fun of such a notion were enormous, “How can you know what I am talking about if I don’t tell you?” An English labourer would probably be rather bothered if the inverse question were submitted to him. Even those smart school children, who have a pat reply in hand on three hundred subjects, would doubtless humiliate their teacher by their ignorance if a curious visitor had the indiscretion to examine them upon it. If, then, the Frenchman can give a reason for the form of phrase which he employs, while the Englishman cannot, is there not in this simple fact an argument in favour of the Frenchman? Putting theory aside, and measuring the matter solely by the instinct of the two populations, as evidenced by their capacity or incapacity to solve the problem, does it not look as if nature and common-sense were both against us here? Regarded as a rule of art, no discussion of the French system seems possible; but as

the mass of a nation know nothing whatever about art, and are guided by habit alone, it is a good mark in their favour to discover that habit can be supported by explanation.

It would not, however, be quite fair to assign this faculty of explanation solely to the superior merit of the French form of construction in the particular case before us. Our neighbours enjoy another superiority, and a vastly greater one. They possess and feel their language, as a nation, with a perfectness, a completeness, and a handiness, which but few of us attain with English. It is no exaggeration to assert that, taking us as a whole, we do not know how to speak. We are, relatively, a silent race; conversation, even in the educated classes, is not regarded, as it is in France, as a necessary element of life; our children are not brought up to talk; they are not guided by their mothers to choose their words and turn their phrases; facility of expression is not considered by us to be indispensable; many of us are content to hold our tongues; we are uncommunicative by nature, and we make no attempt to modify that disposition. The French, on the contrary, wield words with never-failing ease. Their language is a tool to which they are so accustomed, that they can turn it to any use; their fluency is inexhaustible, and generally they speak with grace and with grammatical exactness. Special cases are excluded on both sides in this comparison; it applies solely to the ordinary talk of ordinary people. We are not thinking of the nature of the thoughts expressed, and still less of oratory in any of its varied forms. Parliament, the pulpit, and the bar, involve unusual study and careful preparation, and therefore lie beyond the subject; outdoor gossip and fireside chatter are the true tests of the talking powers of a people; it is to them alone that we can look for evidence. And, furthermore, we must take the lower strata into our account, for it is especially amongst the most untaught that the national tendency will come out with the greatest distinctness. Viewing the subject in this broad light, it seems difficult that there can be two opinions on it. France is palpably brimful of people who scarcely ever leave off talking, and who, by mere force of exercise, if not by innate skill, acquire a dexterity and facility of wording which no other land can match. They may talk nonsense all day long, there may not be one idea worth remembering in all they say; but they pour out sentences with an unceasing flow, and in

a form which proves that at all events they know their language thoroughly.

This capacity is certainly one of the most striking features of French life; we find it, in varying degrees and stages of development, wherever we turn our ears. From childhood to old age everybody talks and, so far as regards the mere roll of words, talks well. Whether the higher classes, as a whole, speak better than they do in other countries, is a question difficult to decide, for the answer to it depends almost entirely on the accidents of experience, and on personal sympathies and likings. One witness may be all for France and another all against her, each following the bent of his own prejudices, each guided by his own means of observation and by his power of forming an opinion on such a subject. But, without going into this thorny point, it may be advanced as a generally-admitted truth, that the better sort of Frenchwomen speak with a gaiety, a dash, a facility of simile and contrast, and a readiness of *à propos*, which carry their talking very near to what we understand by brilliancy, and that some of them reach absolute perfection. It is natural that it should be so; for where the constant object is to amuse and brighten, the means must gradually adapt themselves to the end: cause and result become somewhat identical; the speaker talks to laugh, and laughs because she talks.

Is not this a cheery and an enviable attribute? Is it likely that the character of a people can remain permanently unaffected by such influences, or that the brightness, the *insouciance*, and perhaps even the frivolity of French nature, are not strengthened and augmented by this charming chattering of the women?

Unfortunately they are not all alike; though they all talk volubly, they are not all amusing. If they were, France would be all over what it is only here and there,—the home of the pleasantest society in Europe. But when one has the luck to stumble on a type of the higher sort, it is indeed a privilege to look and listen, and to feel the spell which women of such a kind cast around them. The exceptional cases in which Frenchwomen attain to the utmost height of indoor eloquence dwell in the memory of those who have met with them: it would be difficult to forget the deep indent which they produce. Their mastery of words is wonderful, and it is accompanied by such a wholesale scatter of odd comparisons, unexpected images, strange illustrations, wild paradoxes, and tempestuous fancies, that the assemblage of all these

éléments seems momentarily to add fresh brightness to the air, and most certainly gives the novice listener a new idea of what words can do. Time does not weaken this impression; habit does not wear it out: as it is produced but rarely, its very scarceness makes it live. But even if it were universal its reality would not be much diminished, for its cause is so intensely pleasant that no custom could lead us to insensibility of its charms.

The men have less of this peculiar power; most of them know their language well, and, as far as mere machinery goes, are as productive as the women; but, with rare exceptions, they do not handle forms so capriciously or so luxuriantly; their imagery is less fantastic, their contrasts are less vivid, their outpouring is less torrential. It is the women who represent the talking qualities of the nation; it is they who show us practically what the absorption, assimilation, and reproduction of other people's ideas can do to produce the appearance of widespread knowledge and of well-digested thought. Frenchwomen do not read, at least not as we understand reading here; and yet many of them appear to know something about everything. No subject comes amiss to the practised Parisienne. If the conversation turns suddenly towards some fact or argument of which she never heard before, she listens for three minutes, and then dashes into the midst, plunging right and left, making at first impossible mistakes, which she covers up by dexterous pleading, but ending, nine times out of ten, by an appreciation so singularly correct that when you go away you can't help thinking, "That woman is positively amazing; there is no beating her." The book-learning of Frenchwomen stops, pretty generally, with their school days; but that famous theory of "education by contact," which they practise with such consummate skill, goes on through their entire lifetime, and is the real source of the elastic knowledge which such numbers of them make us believe that they possess. This, however, would not be possible if, in such special cases, they were not good listeners as well as good discourses. They take in new notions from the mouths of others, dress them up in a disguise which few can penetrate, and then parade them as their individual property. Of the many brilliant qualities of the race, there are few which have the worth of this one. It sets to work the moment two people are together; for two implies talking, and talking and picking up new ideas are synonymous processes with women such as these.

In varying degrees this disposition is general throughout the land—the whole nation imitates; but the result depends on the actor's position and skill. The lower classes have no time to give to the sharpening of their wit and tongue. The process is, after all, a luxury; for it is scarcely realisable without the aid of sufficient education, opportunity, and close attention. Like many other developments of human nature, it needs the ease and the facilities which money alone creates. A farmer's poultry girl may have within her a sacred fire which a faint breeze of occasion and example would fan into the first flicker which precedes bright flame; but where is the breeze to come from? The faculty of imitation grows with use; without practice it remains dormant, or even dies away. Even supposing, which is absurd, that the disposition to talk cleverly is born in every Frenchman, it will be choked, in all but the richer homes, by sheer want of the means of action. But volubility and glibness do not depend on the accident of birth. It is true that they too gain by following a pattern; but as that pattern can be found all over France, in the cottages and the wine-shops as much as in chateaux and in Paris drawing-rooms, they do not suffer, as really good talking does, from the want of models. So we find them everywhere, pouring out of nearly every mouth, men and women aiding each other to keep up the prattle.

But they do not know it. They have no idea that they are always at it. If by chance some one informs them of the fact, they reply that they think loquacity eminently natural—indeed it looks to them like a duty. To a Frenchman it is an article of faith that his voice was given to him to be used: he never can be got to understand that it may possibly be a virtue to hold his tongue. He quotes with a smile of contemptuous pity the proverb of the conquered Arab, "Talking is silver, but silence is gold." To him talking represents all the precious metals, and diamonds into the bargain. He can imagine nothing of higher value, or which constitutes a more irresistible necessity. And from a certain point of view he may not be so far wrong as he appears to be at first to us dumb people. His notion of life is different from ours—he hates to be alone: communion with his fellows is the main object of his existence; he always has a theory to expound or a curiosity to satisfy. Take him where you please, all through the social scale, the same implacable need comes out. On the Paris Boule-

vards or over the dusty roads of Provence, on the wet coast of Brittany or in the factories at Lille, he is, with rare exceptions, everywhere alike. Climate or occupation make but little difference to him. Both sexes and all ages substantially agree that men and women were born to talk.

Let us not judge him by ourselves. It is neither wise nor practical to apply the habits and regulations of the United Kingdom to all the rest of the globe. They do marvellously well for us—they have helped us to become very prosperous and very powerful; but maybe they would not produce the same results elsewhere. After all, our islands (including Man, the Orkneys, and the other rocks) only represent about a sixteen-hundredth part of the surface of the earth; and that fact ought to counsel us to be modest. If we say that the Frenchman is wrong to chatter all day long, on the simple ground that we get on better by the use of silence, we ought, logically, to apply the same argument to everything else that we don't do, and to object to the habits of every nation which does not employ Kidderminster carpets, boiled mutton, and umbrellas. It is true that such a view of international obligations would oblige the Hindoos to eat cold beef and mashed potatoes, the Hottentots to wear braces, and the Japanese to adopt hanging,—unless, by the way, as they are the more numerous, they were to turn round upon us with an imperious order to give up our own habits and to adopt theirs—to feed ourselves with rice, to go approximately naked, and to introduce bowel opening at the Old Bailey—all which would be disagreeable to us. This argument, which, possibly, is not altogether absurd, should incline us to indulgence toward the benighted nations who have not the privilege of living precisely according to our prejudices. It should dispose us mercifully to permit the Amazon Indians to bore holes through their noses, and even, though that is far more difficult, to allow the French to talk for eighteen hours a-day. We do not recognize that chattering is a vast enjoyment to them, that it is one of the main causes of their gaiety, that it lights up their indoor life in a way of which we have no idea, that it cements home ties by creating a constant necessity for mutual presence, and that, in many cases, it develops intelligence, and induces correctness, ability, and brilliancy in conversation. Practice alone gives skill; and for that reason, if for no other, the habit of frequent speaking deserves encouragement.

And yet, with the decadence of France before our eyes, it is impossible to avoid asking whether all this talk may not have aided the breakdown; whether it has not contributed to bring about the crash. Whatever be its merits, whatever be the considerations which can be invoked in favour of it, has it done no harm? When history begins to dissect this modern decline and fall, will it take no note of the salient feature of French habits? will it acquit the people's ready tongues of all share of responsibility? That the incessant spilling of empty words must necessarily stimulate frivolity of thought, seems to be a probable if not a certain proposition. That the cherished music of one's own voice ends by becoming particularly agreeable, is a fact of which we see examples even outside France. That the soothing vanity which springs from it should incline the self-approving speaker to believe in what he supposes to be the opinions he expresses, is a simple and natural transition. That these mental processes should result in a peculiar disposition to consider one's self very wise and decidedly worth listening to, appears to be mathematically demonstrable. It looks, then, as if the self-conceit, the impatience of observation and advice, the rejection of all unpleasant truths, the resolute credulity of their own fancies which the war brought so glaringly into light amongst the mass of Frenchmen, may not unreasonably, be partially explained by the accumulated effects of years of idle talking. It would be exaggeration to assign too much importance to such a cause; but that it has had some hand in the demoralization of the nation does appear to be very likely. For social purposes, as a provocative of friendly association, as a gilder of home life, and even, in certain cases, as a stimulant of talent and of natural eloquence, perpetual talking is defensible; but judged by the other effects which it may be presumed to have produced in France, it does harm both morally and politically, and it is more than doubtful whether that harm is compensated by the advantage gained in other directions.

A reservation must, however, be expressed before we leave this part of the question. There are some Frenchmen who do not talk, and some Frenchwomen too. Not that they are exactly silent—that adjective never can apply to them; but relatively, they hold their tongues. They speak when they have something to say, but they are not always speaking; their mouth is not, like most of the mouths

around them, *à moulin à paroles*. Such accidental cases can, however, scarcely be attributed to the interference of reason; they are brought about by personal causes rather than by reflection. They may be attributable to indolence, or ill-health, or stupidity or bashfulness (the latter explanation, must, however, be rare); but it would not be easy to find many examples in which moderate talking is an evident consequence of the employment of intelligence and free election. Still, whatever be their origin, these exceptions do exist; and, strange as it may appear, there positively are French people who are capable of sitting for a whole evening without opening their lips, unless it be to yawn or drink *tilleul*.

If we turn from the aspects of the subject as a whole to the details of wording and of phrasing which make up familiar talk, we find in them differences from our own expressions which, though relatively few in number, suffice to indicate marked contrasts of form and thought, and even of national habits. These differences merit examination, not only for the sake of satisfying curiosity, but because, when they are real, and not merely external, they lead us to inquire why idioms differ between close neighbours, what is likely to be the influence on French minds of certain particular locutions which the French employ and what is the evidence of their condition which results therefrom. The needs of modern nations are growing so much alike, there is everywhere such a disposition to import each other's technicalities when they supply a new necessity, that radical peculiarities in single words are becoming somewhat rare. "Pudding," "comfort," "cold cream," and "rail" have become French within our generation, while we have borrowed back *vis-à-vis*, *ennui*, *protégé*, *chignon*, and *chaperon*. Yet there are still gaps on both sides, and some of them are of a nature to make both sides stop to think a little. For instance, the French language contains no such word as "sober." It possesses the positive expressions "drunk" and "tipsy," which are literally conveyed by *ivre* and *gris*; but our negative denomination "sober" has no existence across the Channel. *Sobre* is in no degree its counterpart; the meanings of the two words are absolutely different. The French one is translatable solely by "temperate" or "abstemious;" never can it or any other Gallic syllables be made to signify the opposite condition to intoxication. The entire absence of any word descriptive of

that state, is in itself an argument and a declaration. The English drink enough to need a special illustrative title for a man who has not drunk; the French, though the Parisians did begin to largely swallow alcohol during the two sieges, have never yet felt the necessity of forming any such curious subjective appellation, consequently they have not got it. Here is, surely, an evidence of character betrayed by language. A second odd example is the total absence, in French, of any word equivalent to "listener." It seems hardly credible that, with thirty-seven million of talkers, no provision, other than the cumbersome paraphrase, *celui qui écoute*, should have been made for auditors. The only interpretation of so odd a blank lies in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. He has the verb *écouter*, but no corresponding substantive. In the same way he can say "to teach," but he cannot express "teacher." Another singularly suggestive vacancy exists in all the dictionaries opposite the eminently British adjective "dowdy." No Frenchwoman ever merited that epithet. Call her all the hard names you like, "dowdy," at all events, will never come into your head or hers. The notion it conveys is so foreign to her comprehension, that there is no practicable channel for communicating our interpretation of it to her. And who ever saw a "genteel" Frenchwoman? And who ever saw one "giggle?" Neither those odious words, nor the still more odious ideas which they convey, exist beyond Dover Straits. But if France owns these enviable privileges, she pays for them in the utter want of "gentleman." She has, however, the goodness to recognize her insufficiency, and to absorb the word from us, telling us, possibly with some truth, that she does so because a gentleman is so essentially modern an invention that she has had no time, in the middle of her revolutions, to compose her own word for it. And again, though the change of subject is rather wide, no Frenchman can understand what on earth we mean by that omnipresent, universal, elastic "stuff" which, with us, indicates nearly everything which language can convey, materially, morally, and intellectually. We never stop to think about it; but if we did, surely we should be humiliated at the poverty of invention which has led us to assign such an infinite

variety of signification to that one wretched monosyllable."

There are not very many more words than these which cannot somehow be rendered out of English; but there is a second category of expressions where all the advantage lies on our side, because, though they can be translated with more or less exactness, they have a merit and precision in Anglo-Saxon which their representatives in French in no degree possess. Such are, in verbs,—shrivel, dabble, baffle, jerk, coax, ride, trample, smoulder, trickle, scowl, stare, and huddle; in adjectives,—bleak, dreary, grim, forlorn, neat, dutiful, few, snug, and flimsy; in substantives,—rustle, ripple, bloom, gloom, sneak, sheen, and quibble. These examples, which are put down at hazard, will serve to show what is the class of words in which we excel; and the evidence will become clearer still if we compare some of them with their French equivalents. *Frou-frou* is a pretty sound, but never did it suggest the crisp echoes of moving silk as "rustle," does; "mounting on a horse" may be a grammatical definition, but "riding" says the same thing with very different vigour; "trickle" talks to us so cunningly of slow falling drops that we can almost see and hear them, but *couler* or *dégoutter* rouse no such imagination in us; *morne* perhaps does come nearly up to "dreary," and that is a vast deal to say, for the latter is a word of prodigious significance, but it is the only exception worth mentioning in the list; *regarder* or *dévisager* will not do for "stare;" *fleur* is indeed a poor substitute for "bloom;" *faire une mine rechignée* can scarcely be said to come up to "scowl;" *délaissé* does not translate "forlorn;" *obéissant et respectueux* does not express our idea of "dutiful." In all these cases, and in many others like them, the advantage is on our side. It continues with us in such phrases as "raw weather," "sandy hair," in which the adjectives are used with the happiest audacity; and in such words as stately, listless, lonely, somehow, scramble, twang, and scribble, which are all full of merit. If we want to say "kick" in French, we must resort to the eminently oblique expression, "give a blow of the foot;" but if we have to indicate narrowness, shortness, flatness, or tightness, we find, to our consternation, that we cannot say them at all; they are absolutely inexpressible in any form whatever. In moments of such distress as this one is tempted to regret that the French have not adopted the German system of converting verbs and adjectives into sub-

stantives when wanted, so that we might help ourselves to a new word to fill the vacant place.

In quoting these examples, the object is not to show what a great language English is—we are all of us sufficiently convinced of that already—but to indicate the exact nature of the gaps in French. The catalogue might be extended: with time, and patience, and much comparison, it might possibly be carried up to a hundred words; but that is certainly a maximum—it is the utmost limit of our advantage. Our strength lies in such of our words as are purely Anglo-Saxon (it will be noticed that Latin origins contribute nothing to the list), and it takes the form of fine shades of meaning rather than of monopoly of idea. With the exception of a few words—a dozen, perhaps, in all—the French can say all that we can, only we can say it better in the particular cases which have been enumerated here. We have not much reason to be proud of that, for our language has been made up by public subscription: several sources have contributed to it; we have received donations in abundance; we have pillaged where foreign charity has ceased to supply us. And we have done very right. The object of all language is to become copious and expressive. We have pursued that object; and although our descendants in the New World show us every day that additions to our common stock can still be made, we have attained a remarkable sufficiency by the employment of mixtures, absorptions, loans, and robbery.

French is, on the contrary, a relatively pure language. There has been but one great graft on the original tree. The French have not gone about the world as we have done—they have stopped at home; and the perfecting of their language has been wrought out almost entirely by internal development alone since the Romans introduced Latin into Gaul. This is another reason why their talking, as it now stands, should be indicative of their character. It is their own work; it has been virtually free from extraneous action. Until the last few years, and then only within the limits of special technicalities, its neologisms have not been borrowed—they have been invented out of the home stock. French consequently represents the French far more exactly than English represents the English. Its merits and its defects are properly its own, for some sixteen centuries have passed since a new element has been infused into it. During that long period it has slowly grown to what it

is, unaided from abroad, excepting in the narrow frontier districts, where neighbouring tongues have influenced local forms. If then we find, as certainly we do, that on the whole, it is a somewhat richer language than our own, we ought to be thereby disposed to recognize that the French, though unassisted from the outside (and perhaps for that very reason), have developed their language more than we have done. Their constant need and constant use of it have, however, naturally contributed to this result. But we do not observe in French in greater abundance than in English, words of which it has an absolute monopoly. As examples of such words we may mention *chef-d'œuvre, à propos, manière, panaché, vogue, endimanché, chaussure*, all of which are untranslatable. But where the wealth really lies is in the large number of finely-shaded significations, whose precision and delicacy are unapproachable by the corresponding terms which exist in English. Of this class there are hundreds of examples, but they must be felt,—they cannot be described. To give a catalogue of them would be both wearisome and useless; a few illustrations may, however, be found in such verbs as *accaparer, tallonner, effleurer, s'acharner, tisonner, abîmer*; such adjectives as *flou, flasque, maniéré, herisse, blasé, guindé, dépareillé, maussade*; such substantives as *convenance, tripotage, débacle, bedaud, béise, débris, malaise*,—all of which, and many others like them, are vastly fuller of suggestive meaning, as well as of scrupulous exactness, than anything we can pair with them. Indeed it is one of the marked characters of French, that its words, especially its verbs, are not only numerous, but singularly happy in the precision of their sense; and as the language is furthermore most copiously supplied with approximate synonyms, the result is, that well-spoken French attains a descriptive force of which our phrase "word-painting" supplies few examples in our own tongue. This doctrine will naturally be disputed; but it should be remembered that it can only be fairly judged by such of us as possess an equal habit of both languages, and consequently accurately weigh their comparative value. There is no doubt that each possesses certain superiorities. It seems, for instance, to be very likely that even those who would give the preference to French for speaking, might incline to think that English is a better vehicle for writing; but it is probable that if an unprejudiced jury could be constituted, composed of persons really capable to decide,

its verdict would be in favour of French as a medium of perfect conversation.

In addition to the examples which have just been given, there are certain other richnesses of French which cannot be passed over without observation, for their employment is so continuous that they are heard all day and everywhere, and form almost an element of life. The sweet little exclamation *dame* is never out of the women's mouths; and though men use it too, it has so feminine a character that they ought to be forbidden to employ it. It expresses such a quantity of hesitations, such a mist of elastic doubt, such a haze of incredulous uncertainty, that it is scarcely possible to convey its meaning. "Really I have no idea," "it is though," "let me think about it," "I'll tell you presently," and "what do you think yourself?" all rolled together, would supply no adequate equivalent for this prodigious syllable. It is a language in itself, and its universality is not open to the accusation which was just now brought against the omnipresent English "stuff" because that much-misapplied noun is supposed to be descriptive in every sense which is assigned to it, while *dame* is purely ejaculatory, and may therefore, without inconsistency, signify whatever you like. The duplication of certain words is another peculiarity which should be noticed. *Jour* becomes *journée* when the duration of the daytime and not the day itself is to be conveyed. So is it again with *an* and *année*, *matin* and *matinée*, *soir* and *soirée*. *Si* is substituted for *oui*, if an affirmative reply is to be given to a question suggesting doubt, or if a previous *oui* has not carried conviction with it: to "Is it raining?" the answer would be *oui*; to "It is not raining, is it?" it would be *si*. New is expressed by *nouveau* if it refers to something which is commencing, by *neuf* if the something has not been used before. Number is called *numero* to express a figure, *nombre* to express a quantity. Before is conveyed by *devant* if it be a question of position, by *avant* if it be a question of time. Stalk becomes *queue* if it be a single stem, *raisin* if it be a bunch, like grapes or currants. We have but one phrase "dozen;" the French have, *dizaine*, *douzaine*, *quinzaine*, *vingtaine*, and so on up to *centaine*. *En amont* means up the current of a stream; *en aval* is down the river. "More" is expressed by *plus* or *davantage*, according to variations of signification which it would be a waste of space to go into here. The French say *se mouchoir*, *se gantier*, *se chausser*, all which ideas are expressed by us in the most lumbering forms

of speech. Again, what words have we for *verglas*, — that peculiar state in which roads become like glass from frost; for *contres-coup*, for *séduisant*, for *famélique*, and *recherché*? So we might go on for half an hour.

In terms of tenderness and affection French is, however, singularly poor. It contains absolutely nothing which is susceptible of being compared to our most admirable "darling." It has absurd denominations supposed to be suggestive of much love — but so have we; and there is not much to choose between the ridiculous inexpressiveness of duck and pet on our side, or of "little cabbage" and "little rabbit" on the other. Where France, and indeed all Europe, beats us, is in that adorable *tutoiement*, that sweet use of "thou," which marks out so sharp a line between those we really love and the chilly world outside. There is no explaining to an Englishman what *tutoiement* means; there is no suggesting to him what a depth of fondness is contained in *tu*. When the subtle intensity of its sweetness has penetrated to our heart, we stare with wonder at the unhappy people who say *you* to wife and child; from our soul we pity them, and wonder whether they really think that "you" means love. To real Englishmen, to the insular thorough Britisher, this will look like folly; but let him ask Europe what *tutoiement* means, what is the inland sea of tenderness which it incloses; let him consult such friends as have lived in sufficient contact with foreign friendships to be able to measure "you" and "thou" (the language hardly matters, for *tu* lives everywhere outside our chalk cliffs); let him try to realize the profound, the limitless distinction which the exclusive use towards those we cherish of so marked a form of speech must necessarily establish, — and then, perchance, he may admit that "there is something in it." Indeed there is. To gain the consciousness of what *tutoiement* means it is worth while to live for years abroad — just as a voyage across the Atlantic is well paid for by the sight of Niagara Falls; it is a new sense which we acquire. It compensates for that incredible deficiency of French, the absence of distinct words for love and like; but the deficiency is evident to all England, while the compensation is appreciable only by a small minority amongst us.

In consequence of the general precision of its terms, French is a good language for the expression of distinct definitions; but, at the same time, the genius of the race inclines it to the employment of insinuations.

No people are so able as the French to imply indirectly what they do not choose to say point blank. But that is a peculiarity of their nature rather than of their language. Their words are for the most part absolute; but notwithstanding that, their talk is suggestive rather than declarative. The idioms which are at their disposal enable them to define with singular exactness, but the tendency of their character leads certainly the other way, and their ordinary disposition in conversation is to convey their meaning by implication and not give it outright. Of course this sort of phrasing is limited to cases where it does not weaken the effect which the speaker wishes to produce; but as those cases are very frequent, it is heard continually. And yet it seems at first to be out of place; for it is not easy to comprehend why distinctness should so often be avoided, and why suggestion should be put forward in its stead. The explanation evidently lies in the love of talk, in the disposition to make talking last, and in the consequent disinclination to employ short definitions. It needs some skill to avoid using terms which would use up our ideas too rapidly; but the result is reached throughout the eighty-six departments (the loss of Alsace-Lorraine has brought back the number to what it was before the annexation of Nice and Savoy). Plenty of examples might be given of the difficulty which is here overcome, but one will suffice to show its nature. Their are eight main words in French which express the various forms of fear; each has its own peculiar sense: *alarme* springs from what we learn, *effroi* from what we see, *terreur* from what we imagine, *frayeur* from what surprises us, *épouvante* from what we take for granted, *crainte* from what we know, *peur* from the opinions which we entertain, *appréhension* from what we anticipate. Well, despite the critical precision of these varied meanings, the French, especially the women, have a habit of dancing round them all, and of using subterfuges, shades, and parables, which illustrate the sentiment of fear in all sorts of other ways. This is incontestably a talent, but it may be doubted whether it constitutes an advantage. It implies ability, or rather handiness in the speaker, but it does not show the merit of the language. It necessarily stimulates the manufacture of neologisms, and it may be that the numerical abundance of French words is due, in some degree, to this unceasing cause. It cannot, however, be denied, that such a disposition improves the talking power of

all those who act upon it; for its first effect is to oblige them to seek new clothes for old ideas, new frames for well-known pictures. A people which is always talking, and which is perpetually inventing fresh expressions, because its character tempts it away from those which exist already, must inevitably attain two principal results: it must learn to talk, and it must extend its dictionary. In Paris there is a never ending fabrication of new words—each year brings out a dozen of them; some die away immediately, others live and become definitely adopted. Most of them, however, are in their origin slang expressions, which only acquire their naturalization in daily talk after time and habit have slowly purged them of their first meaning, and have rendered them acceptable to public usage in a modified form.

One enormous difference between French and English lies in the odd fact, that whereas we absorb with unhesitating readiness all the expressive phrases we can get hold of (we have gone on doing so for a thousand years), the French do not bring into general circulation any of the local sayings which have existed in their provinces for centuries, indisputably good as many of them are. The Normandy cider-makers, who, of course, are never satisfied with their crop of apples, say, when they are asked what sort of a year it is for them, "*Pour une année où il n'y a pas de pommes il y a des pommes; mais pour une année où il y a des pommes il n'y a pas de pommes.*" The Provence olive-growers use the same odd comparison in a still more striking form: their words are, "*Dire qu'il n'y en a pas, il y a; mais dire qu'il y en a, il n'y en a pas.*" Well, these wonderful expressions, full as they are of force and vigour and fantastic truth—and there are many others like them—are scarcely known outside the frontiers of the districts where they were invented. They languish in country villages, unknown to the sharp people who set new inventions going on the asphalt outside Tortoni's door. Yet they have more figurative value than nine tenths of the absurd novelties which crawl into circulation because they have been edited at the Vaudeville or the Palais Royal, and they are worth quite as much as the average of the Yankeeisms which we lay hands on here the moment they are imported. The reason of their exclusion is, that Paris holds so inveterately to its supposed rights as a capital, that it refuses to endorse what it has not invented; and as nothing goes down in France without its stamp, the whole mass of outside clever-

ness is thereby shut out from any participation in the development of French, excepting in so far as purely local usages are concerned. But if any discontented mind, domiciled between the Rue de Richelieu and the Madeleine, objects to the old phrase *très cherché* as being incomplete, and suggests that *très trouvé* should be adopted in its place, he will find a crowd of approving listeners, who will exclaim, "How well imagined that is! *Très cherché* implied only that the result was looked for, and in no way indicated that it was attained; *très trouvé*, on the contrary, contains internal evidence that the end is reached: *vive très trouvé!*" So *très trouvé* immediately becomes French, and travels by the first train into the expectant and obedient country districts, where it is at once employed because it comes from Paris. This may be a small sign, but it helps to show that though the National Assembly may linger at Versailles it will not manage to decapitalize Paris in our time at all events. Lyons is a big place, and so is Bordeaux, but what influence have they on French? Even Marseille, with its droll exaggerations and its southern fancies, does no more than furnish stories at which Paris sometimes condescends to smile, but to which it does not grant the privilege of incorporation into its own special circulation.

As regards pronunciation, the ancient privilege of Touraine still exists in undiminished force. The peasants and their children talk French there as it is heard in no other part of France; their enunciation and their intonation are so pure, that one listens to them for the first time with a feeling of half-incredulous bewilderment. No Parisienne speaks with such delicacy of articulation, or such critical truth of accent. The district in which this rare excellence is attained begins at Orleans and ends at Tours. Blois occupies its centre; and it is in and round that dull old town that the most absolute perfection is attained. The children who make dirt-pies on the borders of the Loire, pronounce far better than the actors at the Théâtre Français. There has never been an orator in the Chamber, or in the pulpit of Notre Dame, who has spoken French as they do; and yet the little rascals have no idea of it. It is positively humiliating to chat with them, for you cannot get rid of the unpleasant feeling that a baby of five years old is giving you a lesson. Elsewhere it is all *patois*. Railways may end by levelling out the differences of speech in France, as they have already levelled

dress and prices; but, thus far, the *patois* of each district remains intact, with all its essences and colours. In the country of the old *langue d'oïl* there are still twelve *patois* of which the Breton, the Normand, the Poitevin, and the Champenois are the chief; in the provinces where once the *langue d'oc* was spoken, we have the Provençal, the Auvergnat, the Limousin, and others. Altogether there are more than twenty of them, without counting the local subdivisions, which are as numerous as the varied shapes of the caps which the village women wear. Some of them are languages in themselves. No Frenchman, properly so called, can understand the private talk of the Breton peasants when they come in pilgrimage to St Anne d'Auray; or of the dock labourers at Marseille; or of the goat-herds of the Valley d'Ossau, when they meet, beneath the shade of the Pic du Midi, at their annual festival at Laruns. And yet these dialects are all so local, they are so pitilessly shut inside a circle, that they exercise no kind of influence, however slight, on the French around them. Even the Spanish tendencies which leak across the Basque frontier, and the vile Italian which struggles along the borders of the Var, do not penetrate ten miles — French battles with them, and drives them back discomfited. The fact is that France is a country of strong unity, utterly unlike its neighbours and having no small contempt for them; so, when they try to push in the wedge of their insinuating tongue, France rejects them resolutely. Even on those now conquered hillsides which slope downwards to the Rhine, German had been replaced by what was called Alsatian — an odious form of speech it was, but its speakers loved France enough to fancy that they were talking French. To-day they have to relapse to German, and they do not like it.

For foreigners French is not a hard language to pronounce, approximately at least. But each nationality brings its own accent into it, the English being perhaps the most copiously supplied therewith. The *oi oi* of the Britisher is a distinctive mark, which he finds it difficult to efface. He has no suspicion that it exists; but "*l'accent Anglais*" is so largely practised about France, that the French, at all events, well know its peculiar sound, and have some trouble in comprehending that the English do not hear it themselves with the same distinctness. But they do not; they go on talking, "not French of Paris, but French of Stratford-on-Bow-Town," as Chaucer put it some time ago, with a pla-

city and a confidence worthy of a better end. There must be, in a good many of us, something which altogether rebels against other tongues, for it is only amongst ourselves that cases can be found of persons who have lived regularly for thirty years in France, and who, at the end of that long period, say "*le peuple Français*;" and are so incapable of distinguishing between the sound of *voleur* and *velours* that they pronounce both alike as "*volliture*." These examples are rigorously true, and many more like them might be cited. Our great difficulty is, that we talk mainly from the middle of the mouth, while the French form their sounds in front, close against the teeth. When we have acquired the same habit, we have got half-way towards speaking French; until we have acquired it our chance is hopeless. As, however, most of us do not particularly care whether we speak well or badly, it is scarcely to be expected that we shall take the trouble which this implies. We argue that, after all, French is only one of the two thousand languages which have grown up since Babel separated us into nations, and that it is only under special circumstances that it becomes essential to know it really well. This consideration appears to us to be an excuse for our indifference.

To the French themselves the question takes a different form. To them it seems that they possess the great language of humanity, the essential vehicle of thought, the natural expresser of grace and courtesy and wit. They urge that this view has been adopted by other countries; that French has been raised, with the consent of Europe, to a sort of international position, for which it was recognized to be peculiarly fitted in consequence of its own merits, and of the political and literary influence which it represented. History, "the witness of time, the messenger of antiquity," certainly confirms this argument. It shows us that French has gradually reached a place and obtained a power which no other language has acquired since Latin died away. Its universality and its precision have combined to render it the adopted channel of European communication, not only for public purposes, but also to a great extent for social and daily wants. Even the results of the late war, far spreading as they are, seem scarcely likely to affect the empire which the French language has attained during the two last centuries. German has not the qualities to which the Continental world has grown accustomed by its long

handling of French. No other tongue can pretend to dispute the mastery; we may consequently expect to see French retain its ground, unweakened if not unassailed. Prince Bismark's resolution to recognize it no longer as the accepted organ of diplomacy will have but small effect now that the upper classes of all Europe learn it as the first condition of their education. The true interest of its influence lies, however, inside the boundaries of its native land. Its force beyond those limits may constitute a question for the world at large; but its action within the frontiers is all that France itself need care for, and is all that we have to look at. The sketch which has been given here of its uses and peculiarities will probably suffice, incomplete and shadowy as it is, to show that it is a language which, by its special nature, and by the unbroken continuity of its employment, can scarcely fail to produce distinct effects on those who speak it. It may be so with all other tongues; but if it be true of them, it must assuredly be still more true of French. Its abundance, its precision, its graceful forms, handled by a whole nation of dexterous, inventive speakers, constitute the best talking instrument we know of; that is tolerably evident. But how does it react on its proprietor? what is its real share in the constitution of national character and of home life in France?

Answers to questions such as these can only be suggested; they cannot be put forward with any certainty, or with any expectation that they will carry conviction to those who hear them. The very principle of the possible effect of language on those who use it all day long may be rejected by many persons as an exaggeration or even an absurdity. And yet, in the case before us, it is very difficult to doubt, after a real examination of French habits, that they are gravely influenced by the need of talk, and by the practices which that need provokes. To what other cause can we logically assign the marked disposition of the French to seek each other in all the varying shapes which society can take? Why do they go to *cafés*, and sit together beneath the trees, and establish public meeting-places, and pay evening visits, and make acquaintance with almost every one they meet? The explanation which most English people will probably incline to give is, that all this happens because they are too frivolous, too incapable of sufficing singly for their needs, to be able to stop alone. That theory is spiteful, but untrue. The French are generally competent to get

through their time without side aid; but they are so resolutely convinced that mankind was not made for solitude, that its destiny is to mix and talk and laugh, that they imagine they are discharging one of the duties of humanity in flocking constantly together. But there would be no use in that if they did not talk: they do not meet to gaze in silence at each other; if such were the object held out to them, they would most certainly stay at home, for they are not gregarious, but communicative. May it not, then, be urged that it is the thirst for talk which induces all the rest, and that the outdoor habits of the people flow naturally from that main source? If this be granted, at all events as a probability, it becomes somewhat more easy to follow up the developments of the question. If talk be recognized as a general object and a natural occupation, if the longing for it be the true explanation of the marked social tendencies of the French, if their customs are largely guided by the satisfaction of that longing, it would seem to ensue, almost necessarily, that character as well as customs must be operated on by the same wide-spreading cause. But if so, this further influence would be produced rather by the nature and composition of the talk than by the simple fact of its existence; and thus it is that the peculiarities of language would come into play, and would work out their consequence.

That consequence would seem to assume several forms. The first of these is a disposition to be excessive in the expression of most of the ordinary feelings. The French generally speak with vehemence; they use strong phrases and copious epithets; they pile up description and imaginative colouring, and so get often led away beyond the exactness which more moderation would maintain. This, however, would not be possible if the words at their disposal did not lend themselves to such a service. It is not, therefore, a mere product of excitability of nature, it is also, and in a great degree, a fruit of the language used, which leads on by its abundance and stimulates by its powers of strong shading. Another and still more marked effect of French in those who speak it as a native tongue, is to place at their command

such innumerable and admirable means of being polite, that it would be strange indeed if they resisted the temptation. That French manners have been in part nursed up to what they are by the direct action of the language in facilitating the extremes of courtesy, is an argument which will generally be admitted, and which would alone suffice, so evident does it seem, to give some reason to the theory which is advocated here, of the influence of talk on character. A third result, though less distinctly traceable, is the fostering of gaiety by bright sentences and sunny words. French wit is a very different thing from English humour; it is based on insinuation, suggestion, and comparison, and could have no existence, in its special form, if language did not aid it. This is distinctly provable by the difficulty, if not impossibility, of translating French *esprit*; it cannot live or be in any other tongue. Whether the faculty of analysis, of separating and grouping ideas, of assigning its exact measure to each element of a subject, is better exercised in French than in other idioms, in one of those wide, open questions which it is scarcely prudent to discuss; they lead too far. But it may be indicated as meriting some consideration; for, to such of us as are disposed to answer it in the affirmative, it would serve as an additional witness in support of the hypothesis which we are suggesting.

And even if this hypothesis be a dream; even if language drips over us without leaving a trace of its constant passage; even if it possesses no kind of action, no sort of influence over nations who could not live without it; even if French qualities and French defeats are solely brought about by personal internal movements with which language has no connection, — even then we can scarcely fail to own that, reduced to the rôle of a passive instrument of speech, with no power and no authority of its own, French is a singularly winning and attractive tongue, which is marvelously well dealt in by its owners. None of us would consent to exchange English for it; but many of us would say, in imitation of the Frenchman's compliment to England, "If English were not my language, I should wish that French were."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MAID OF SKER.

CHAPTER LIII.

BEATING UP FOR THE NAVY.

My other reason for setting down some short account of that evening was to give you a little peace, and sense of gratitude to the Lord, for our many quiet sunsets, and the tranquillity of our shores. It really seems as if no other land was blest as ours is, with quiet orderly folks inside it, and good rulers over it, and around it not too much of sun or moon, or anything, unless it may be fog sometimes. And this love of our country seems ever to be strongest, whether at departing for the wars with turbulent nations, or upon returning home, as soon as we have conquered them. But now for a long time, I shall have very little peace to dwell upon.

At Narnton Court I found no solace for my warmth of feeling. Polly had been sent out of the way, on purpose, because I was coming; which was a most unhand-some thing on the part of Mrs. Cockhan-terbury. For the very expectation which had buoyed me up at a flatlist period, and induced me to do without three quids of cross-cut negrohead, was my simple and humble looking forward to my Polly. I knew that I was a fool, of course; but still I could not help it; and I had got on so well among young women always, that I found it very hard to miss the chance I cared for. I feared that my age was be-ginning to tell; for often, since I had been ashore, my rheumatics had come back again. Neither was that my only grief and source of trouble at this time; but many other matters quite as grave com-bined against me. Heavyside was not there to talk, and make me hug my singleness; nor even Jerry Toms, nor the cook, who used to let me teach her. It was not that all these had left the place for any mischief. In an ancient household such a loss is not allowable. All meant to come back again, when it suited their opportunities, and each perceived that the house was sure to go to the dogs in the absence of them-selves and one another. Heavyside had found Nanette (in spite of my best pro-gnostics) overget her seventh occasion of producing small Crappos, and his natural disappointment with her led to such words that he shouldered his bundle and made off for Spithead, in company with Jerry, who was compelled to forsake his creditors. And as for the cook, I did hear, though un-able to believe it, that she was in trouble

about a young fellow scarcely worthy to turn her jack.

In other respects I found that nothing of much importance had occurred since I was there in the summer-time. Sir Philip continued to trust in the Lord, and the Squire to watch the sunsets; neither had the latter been persuaded to absolve his brother. The captain had been at home one or two days, inquiring into my discov-ery of the buried dolls. He did not attach so much importance to this matter as his father had done, but said that it made a mysterious question even more mysterious. And failing, as a blunt sailor would, to make either head or tail of it, and being disgusted with his brother for refusing to see him, he vowed to remain in the house no longer, but set off for Pomeroy Castle again, where he had formed a close friend-ship with the eldest son of the owner. His lady-love, the fair Isabel, was not living there now, but might very easily be met with; for on coming of age three years ago, she had taken possession of her do-main, "Carey Park," a magnificent place adjoining the Pomeroy property. It was said that the Earl had done his best to catch the young heiress for his son, and therefore had made a pretext of the old charge against the Captain, for the pur-pose of putting a stop to communication with him. But his son, Lord Mohun, upon finding how the young lady's heart was settled, withdrew his suit (like a man of honour), and all the more promptly, per-haps, because he had made up his mind to another lady before Miss Carey came to them.

It was said that the Captain might now have persuaded the beautiful heiress to marry him, and finish their long affection, if he could have thoroughly made up his mind that honour would bear him out in it. For her confidence was so perfect in him, that she left it to his own judgment, herself perhaps longing to put an end to their wearisome uncertainty. Sir Philip heard of it, and came down, to implore them thus to settle themselves. And Cap-tain Bampfylde was so hard set by the na-ture of the case, that he might have been enticed away from what his conscience told him. This was that the solemn oath which he had taken in the church, with Isabel beside him, to purge himself of all foul charges (ere he made another guilty, if himself were guilty), could not thus be laid aside without a loss of honour. Sir Philip would be the last man in the world to counsel dishonest actions; but being an old man, and reluctant that his race should

all expire, he looked upon that sacrament as no more than a piece of sacrifice, or a hasty pledge of which the Lord would never take advantage.

Nobody knows what might have happened with Captain Bampfyld so beset, and longing to think that he ought to act as everybody told him: but he begged for a night to think over it; and in the morning he received his appointment to the Bellona. Even Sir Philip could not deny that the hand and the will of the Almighty must herein be recognized. And there was a chance of a brush with Spain, about the Nootka Sound, just then; and if anything makes a sailor's fortune, it is a fight with these fine old Dons. A Frenchman is sure to be captured, but not half so sure as a Spaniard; and the hidalgos do turn out good gold, with good manners behind it. Many ships have I boarded, but with brightest alacrity always a good fat old Spaniard.

Therefore the Captain brushed away any little weakness, and set out for Spithead bravely, in a bachelor condition. And after trying to collect what news there was at Narnton, and finding that I must not think of meeting my dear Polly, I quietly drew my travelling-money, and set forth to join him.

Only every one will reproach me, and have right to do so, if I fail to tell the latest tidings of that Parson Chowne. People seemed to like this man, because they never could make him out, and nearly all the world is pleased to hear of the rest being vanquished. It seems that a wholly new bishop arose, by reason of the other dying, and this gentleman swore on the Bible to have things in order. When he heard of Chowne, and his high defiance of all former bishops, he said, "Fie, fie! this must not be; I will very soon put this to rights." To follow up this resolution he appointed Tiverton, and the old church of St. Peter, for Chowne to bring his young people up to a noble confirmation; also for a visitation of the clergy all around; such as they have now and then, to stop the spread of king's evil.

His holiness the Bishop was surprised to receive this answer: "My dear Lord, — My meet is at Calverly on the day you speak of. We always find a fox hard by; and if he should make for Stoodleigh coverts, I may come down the Bolham road in time to meet your Lordship. At any rate, I shall dine at "The Angel," somewhere between three and five o'clock, and hope to find you there, and have a pleas-

ant evening with you. — Yours very truly, R. S. CHOWNE.

"P. S. — You need not bring cards."

The whole of this was written with Cumberland lead, on the back of a paper, showing how to treat hounds in distemper; and the Bishop was displeased about it, and declined his society; especially as he had invitation to the good Tidcombe Rectory. And there he was treated so hospitably by a very handsome family, that he put up his glass of a noble wine, and saw the sun set through it, and vowed that his Magna Charta, or Habeas Corpus, or Writ of Error — I never can remember which — but at any rate that his royal orders should fall out of his apron-pocket, if he failed to execute them.

In this state of mind he received a letter from Parson Chowne himself, full of respect, and most cleverly turned, as well as describing the Parson's grief as being unable to bring to his holiness any one fit to lay hands upon. The standard set before them had been (before laying on of hands) to say the Lord's Prayer backwards; and there was not one of them up to it. This angered the Bishop to such a degree, that he ordered out his heavy coach with the six long-tailed black horses, and the coachman with cocked-hat and flowing wig, and four great footmen shouldering blunderbusses; himself sate inside with his crossier and mitre, and lawn sleeves, and all the rest of it. Now this was just the very thing the refractory Parson expected; therefore he rode round overnight and bade every farmer in the neighbourhood send all his hands with pickaxes and shovels, by four o'clock the next morning: also he gathered all his own men there, as well as the unclad folk who were entirely at his orders. Then he sent for Parson Jack, as being the strongest man about there, and imparted his intention to him, and placed him over the workmen.

Early in the afternoon the Bishop's state-carriage was descried moving up the Tiverton highroad, with a noble and imposing aspect. Before he arrived at the cross-road leading off to Nympton Rectory, his Lordship was surprised to see a great collection of people standing on a hill above the road, and all saluting him with the deepest respect. "Not so bad after all," he exclaimed; "brother Chowne has brought his men into good order, which is the noblest use of the Church. Ah! they don't see a bishop every day, and they know when a thing is worth looking at, for their faces are black

with astonishment. Holloa, Bob! what's that?"

"Up with the glass, your Lordship," the coachman shouted back; "or it will be all over with you. We are rare in a slough, and no mistake."

And so they were. His Lordship had no time to slam the windows up, before the coach lay wallowing in a bog of nighty blackness. In it poured, and filled the coach, and nearly smothered his Lordship, who was dragged out at last with the greatest trouble, as black as if he were dipped in pitch. For the Parson had done a most shameful thing, and too bad for even him to think of. He had taken up his private road, and dug out the ground some six feet deep, and then (by means of carts and barrows) transferred to it the contents of a quagmire, which lay handy, and spread the surface again with road-dirt, so that it looked as sound as a rock. Having seen with a telescope from his window the grand success of his engineering, he sent down a groom in smart livery, to present his compliments, to the traveler who had happened to lose his way, and fall into a moor-hole, and was there anything he could do to mitigate that misfortune? But the Bishop sputtered out through his chattering teeth that he hoped to hear no more of him, and that none but a Devonshire man was fit to oversee Devonshire parsons. And this made the fifth bishop conquered by Chowne.

To return to our noble selves—that is to say, to the better people dealt with in our history. At the close of this year 1790, to wit, upon Christmas-day of that excellent year of grace, no less than three of us dined together (of course, with a good many others also) in the Captain's cabin of the *Bellona*, 74-gunship of the British Navy, carrying also six carronades. These three were, Captain Drake Bampfylde, of course the Honorable Rodney Bluet, now our second lieutenant, and the Master of the ship, whose name was something like "David Llewellyn." This latter was now remarkable for the dignity of his appearance and the gravity of his deportment; and although he was only ranked after the youngest of the lieutenants, and just before chits of reefers (called by some people "midshipmen"), and though upon any but festive occasions you might not have spied him at the Captain's table, you could scarcely have found any officer more satisfied with his position, and more capable of maintaining it.

We were cruising off the south coast of Ireland, under orders to search all ships

that might be likely to carry arms; but as a frigate would have done for that service, as well as, or better than, a 74, we knew that our true commission was to shake together and fall into discipline, and bring other seamen into the same, if we could get any to join us. Having a light wind and plenty of sea-room, we resolved to enjoy ourselves that day; and a very delightful party it was, especially after I was called on to spin a few of the many true yarns which make me such a general favourite.

After filling our glasses and drinking the health of his Majesty, and of the Navy at large, and especially of our Captain, we began to talk of the state of affairs and the time at which the war might be expected to declare itself. That it must come to a great war with France, not even a fool could doubt, although he might desire to doubt it, ever since the destruction of the *Bastille* in July 1789. And throughout all the year and a half since that, a wild and desperate multitude had done nothing but abolish all the safeguards of their country, and every restraint upon the vilest rabble. Our wisest plan was to begin at once, before this cruel monster should learn the use of its fangs, and the strength of its spring; but, as usual, Great Britain was too slow to seize the cudgel, which might haply have saved a million lives. However, we were preparing quietly for the inevitable conflict, as even our presence that day in the cabin of the *Bellona* might indicate.

"Master, we are sadly short of hands," said Captain Bampfylde, addressing me; "I shall have a poor report to make, unless we do something. Do you think we could get on without you, if I sent you on a cruise for a week or so?"

"I think you might, sir," I answered humbly; "if it does not come on to blow, and if you keep well away from land. I have trained Mr. Sebright with so much skill, that you may always rely upon him, except in any difficulty."

Nobly I spoke; and the Captain's reply was not far behind me. "If we carried 750 men," he exclaimed, with generous candour, "we could not hope to have more than one Master David Llewellyn; so diffident, so truthful, so entirely free from jealousy. Gentlemen, is it not so?"

All the officers assented with a pleasant smile to me, and then to one another, so that I hardly knew what to say, except that I could not deserve it.

"Our tender the *Sealark* is to meet us in the Cove of Cork on New Year's Day,"

continued Captain Bampfyld; "and after shipping all our stores, she will be for a fortnight at my disposal. Now you know as well as I do, that our complement for war-time is 650 men and boys, and that our present strength is more than 200 short of that. War may be declared any day almost, and a pretty figure we should cut against a French liner of 80 guns. Therefore, unless the Sealark should bring us a very large draft, which I do not expect, my resolve is to man and victual her, for a fortnight's cruise, under some one who is a good hand at recruiting. Would you like the berth, Master Llewellyn?"

"Sir, I know not anything which I should like better."

Our Captain perceived that the junior lieutenants looked rather glum at being so passed over, from Master Rodney downwards; and though he had the perfect right to appoint any officer he pleased, he knew the true wisdom of shunning offence, by giving some good reason. Therefore he went on again:—

"There is not one of us, I dare say, who would not enjoy this little change. But I think that Llewellyn is our man, simply for this reason. The part to be beaten up first is the Welsh coast, from St. David's Head to Penarth. I have heard of many good seamen there, and especially at Llanelli. I think that none of our officers can speak Welsh, except Master David. Even you, Bluett, though coming from Wales, are not up to the lingo."

This settled it in the best-natured manner; and all congratulated me, and wished me good speed in getting hold of old salts, if possible, or else fresh young ones. Not to be too long about it, somewhere about Epiphany Day, in the year 1791, I stretched away for the coast of Wales, being in command of the Sealark, a rattling cutter of 100 tons, with two 6-pound bow-chasers, and a score of picked men under me. I have no time now to describe emotions, even of the loftiest order, such as patriotism, modesty, generosity, self-abasement, and many others which I indulged in, when I cast anchor off Porthcawl, and they thought that I meant to bombard them. I ordered a boat ashore at once, to reassure the natives, when I had given a waft of my flag, and fired a gun to salute it. But being now in such a position, and the parish to its utmost corners raving on the subject, ashore I durst not trust myself; because without rupture of ancient ties, and a low impression left behind, I could not have got aboard sober

again. And after that, could I knock down any of my crew for being tipsy? Nevertheless, I had Bardie, and Bunny, and Mother Jones with her children, and Master Berkrolles, and Charles Morgan, and Betsy Matthews, and Moxy Thomas, all brought in a boat to visit me, besides a few others who came without leave. They all seemed to be very well and happy, and I entertained them beautifully.

That same afternoon we made a hit enough to encourage anybody. We impressed not only my foe the tailor, but also Hezekiah! That is to say, it was not quite what might be called impressment; because with no war raging yet, we could not resort to violence; but we made them both so entirely drunk, that we were compelled, for their own sakes, to weigh anchor, while having their bodies on board. I had a stern fellow of noble mind to back me up at all hazard, and seeing what a sneak Hezekiah was, he gave him six dozen out of hand, with my official sanction. The Horologist to the Royal Family took his allotment worse than almost any man I ever saw; however, for old acquaintance' sake, I would not have him salted. In spite of this, the effect was such that it brought him round to the English Church, and cured him of all French doctrine. And as he gradually began to lose fat, and to dwell upon gunnery, we found his oiliness most useful to prevent corrosion. Having worked this coast to our utmost power, and gathered a good deal of human stuff (some useful and some useless), pretty near threescore in all, and put upon short rations, we thought that we might as well finish our job by slanting across to Devonshire. Because for the most part you there may find more body but less mind than ours, which is the proper state of things for the substance of our Navy. Therefore we drafted off to Cork all our noble Welshmen, and made sail for Devonshire.

Now, before telling what we did, I really must guard against any nasty misconstruction. Whatever had been done to me on the part of Parson Chowne was by this time so wholly gone out of my heart, and mind, and everything any man can feel with, that nothing was further from my intention than to go into that matter again. I knew that in spite of all the deference paid me now on every side (and too much for my comfort), Chowne would turn me inside out, ten thousand times worse than Stew could. This I like to see done, when anything wrong can be found inside a man. But a thoroughly

honest fellow should stick on his honesty, and refuse it.

So when Providence, in a dream, laid before me the great mercy, and I might say miracle, of impressing the naked people, and bringing them under our good chaplain, to be trained from the error of their ways and live, I felt a sort of delicacy as to trespassing thus upon Parson Chowne's old freehold.

These naked folk belonged to him, and though he did not cultivate them, as another man might have done, it was not difficult to believe that he found fine qualities in them. And to take them from under his very nose might seem like a narrow vexation. However, times there are when duty overrides all delicacy; the Bel-lona was still short of her number by a hundred hands or more: and with this reflection I cast away all further hesitation.

We left the Sealark off Heddon's Mouth, a wild and desolate part of the coast, for my object was to pounce unawares on the Parson's savage colony. For what we were going to do was not altogether lawful just at present, although it very soon would be. My force consisted of no less than fifteen jolly well-seasoned tars, all thoroughly armed, all up for a spree, and ready to do any mortal thing at a word or a signal from me. If we could only surprise the wild men, I had no fear as to our retreat, because the feeling of the country would be strongly in our favour as the abaters of a nuisance long pronounced unbearable.

For five or it may have been six leagues we marched across the moors as straight as possible by compass, except when a quagmire or a ridge of rugged stone prevented us. We forded several beautiful streams of the brightest crystal water, so full of trout that I longed to have a turn at my old calling; and we came in view of Nympton steeple just as the sun was setting. I remember the lie of the land quite well, ever since that night when the fire happened; so I halted my men in a little wood, and left them to eat their suppers, while I slung my spy-glass and proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy. Lying flat upon the crest of a hummocky ridge of moorland, I brought my glass to bear through the heather first upon the great Parson's house, which stood on a hill to the left of me, and then on the barbarous settlement. The Rectory looked as snug and quiet as the house of the very best man could be; with a deal more of comfort than most of these contrive to gather around them. The dens of the tribe that

objected to raiment were quite out of sight from his windows; nor were they allowed to present themselves to Mrs. Chowne, unless she had done anything to vex him. Shaping my glass upon these wretches, I saw that they were in high festival. Of course I could not tell the reason, but it turned out afterwards that the Parson's hounds were off their feed through a sudden attack of distemper, and therefore a cartload of carrion had been taken down to the settlement. It was lucky that I knew it not, for I doubt whether we should have dared to invade their burrows at such a period.

However, I thought that nothing could be more suitable for our enterprise. Of course they would all overgorge themselves, and then their habit of drinking water, which alone would establish their barbarism, was sure to throw them into deep untroubled sleep till sunrise. As soon as one could strike a line from the pointers to the Pole-star (which is a crooked one, by the by), and as soon as it was dark enough for a man to count the Pleiads, I called my men with a long low whistle, and advanced in double file. The savages lay as deeply sleeping as if their consciences were perfect, whereas they could have had none at all. We entered their principal cuddy, or shanty, or shieling, or wigwam, or what you will, (for it was none of these exactly, but a mixture of them all), and to our surprise not one awoke, or was civilized enough to snore. Higgle-dy-piggle-dy they lay in troughs scooped out of the side of the hill, or made by themselves, of clay and straw, (called "cob," I believe, in Devonshire), with some rotten thatch above them, and the sides of their den made of brush-wood. Some of the elders had sheepskins over them, but the greater part trusted to one another for warmth, and to their hairiness.

All this we saw by a blue-light which I ordered to be kindled — for at first it was as dark as pitch — and a stranger or a sadder sight has rarely been seen in England. Poor creatures; they were all so cowed by the brilliant light and the armed men standing in their filthy hovel, that they offered no resistance, but stared at us in a piteous manner, as if we were come to kill them. Escape was impossible, save for the children, and most of them thought (as we found out afterwards) that Chowne was tired of them and had ordered their destruction.

"Choose all the males from ten years to thirty," I shouted to my men, who were

almost as scared as the savages: "don't touch the females, or I'll cut you down. Set another blue-light burning: we don't want any cripples."

Not to be too long with it, I only found three men worth impressing; the others were so badly built, or even actually deformed, and of appearance so repulsive that we could not bear to think of turning them into messmates.

"Now for the boys!" I cried; "we want boys even more than men almost;" but I found that all the children save one had slipped through the sailors' legs adroitly, while we were dealing with the men. We could not have caught them in the dark; and more than this, the best-sized of them had popped, like snakes, into burrow-holes, or like a fox into his earth.

But the one who stood his ground, and faced us, was a noble-looking boy, in spite of dirt and nakedness, with long thick tangles of golden hair, and a forehead like a man's almost. He looked up at me in a bold steady manner, wholly unlike their savage stare, and it struck me that here was the little fellow whom I had saved eight or nine years ago from the horse of Parson Jack. But though he appeared to be twelve years old, I could not make out what he said, except "Yes, yes;" and "me come with oo." Such was his state of education!

I hoisted him on a strong man's back, for the long march had made me feel my years, and perceiving no call to molest the residue, or injure their home—such as it was—we simply handcuffed the three best fellows, and borrowed three pig-whips of their own (made right down ingeniously) so as to drive them to Heddon's Mouth. We durst not halt for a rest until there were three leagues between us and Nympton Moor; then hurrying on at the break of day, we found the Sealark at anchor; and she sent us a boat, at our signal.

Scarcely were we on board of the boat, and pushing off with our capture, when the clash of a horse's hoofs upon rock rang through the murmuring of the waves. We turned and gazed with one accord, for the boat lay broadside on to shore, through the kicking of the naked men when they felt salt water under them, and our quitting good stroke to attend to them. At furious speed a horseman dashed out of the craggy glen, and leaped the pool where the brook is barred up and vanishes. Down the shingle, and shelves of wrack, he drove his horse into the sea, until there was no firmness under him.

He almost laid hold of our boat;—not quite; for I struck with an oar at the horse, and scared him, shouting to all of my crew to pull.

Finding himself just a little too late, Chowne gave a turn to his horse's head, and the lather and foam of the spirited animal made a white curdle in the calm blue sea. The horse sprang gladly up the shingle crest—for the shore is very steep there—and he shook himself and scattered brine; and there were three other horses behind him. On one of these sate Parson Jack, and two huntsmen on the other twain, and the faces of these were as red as fire with hurry and indignation.

Only Chowne's wicked face was white, and settled with calm fury; and his style of address to us, just as if we were nothing but dogs of his kennel.

"Ho, you scoundrels!" he shouted out; "hold oars, and let me parley you."

At this I made a signal to my crew to slack from rowing; and I stood up in the boat, and said, "What can we do for your Reverence?"

"Nothing for me, rogues; but much for yourselves. I will give you five pounds for that child in the stern. I want him for knife-cleaning."

"Would your Worship think fifty too much for him? We put him at fifty, your Worship."

"Fifty, you robbers! Well, then, fifty. Ten times his value to any one. But I have a fancy for him."

"Would your Worship mind saying five hundred down? Look at his hair; he is worth it." For we had washed him in the brook; and his hair in drying was full of gold.

"Who are you?" he shouted, controlling himself, as his habit was, when outbreak became useless. For the dignity of my demeanour, and the nobility of my uniform, also the snowiness of my hair, combined to defeat the unerring quickness of his rapid and yet cold eyes. And so I replied, with an elegant bow—

"Your Reverence, it so happens that my name is 'Old Davy Llewellyn.'"

CHAPTER LIV.

TAMING OF THE SAVAGES.

AFTER a most successful cruise, we returned to our Bellona, and were received as behoves success, with ever so many rounds of cheers. It was true that we had sent before us, and now brought in, an awkward lot; but it is beautiful to see how in a large ship's company, and under

a good commander, mere coaster fellows become true seamen, and even land-lubbers learn how to walk. Captain Drake Bampfylde did me the honour of asking my advice, as soon as his own opinion was settled; and I said no more than "Bay of Biscay," which was his own opinion. Here the very utmost of a noble sea awaited us, and none of our landsmen had any heart for fat, or even for lean stuff. We let them go on for a day, perpetually groaning, and after that we provided for each a gallon of salt water, and gave it them through the ship's trumpet, until they entirely ceased from noise.

These prudent measures brought them into such a wholesome state of mind, that really a child might lead them, as by one of the prophets mentioned, when I read my Bible. All of our new hands, I mean, except Hezekiah, and the three wild men.

Unfortunate Master Perkins could not enter into the spirit of our exertions for his benefit; because his mind was unsettled with knowing the hardship both of his back and front. For his back was covered with raw places sitting amiss to the fit of his clothes, while the forward part of his body became too hollow to yield him comfort. But, strange to say, his wrath was kindled not against us for these misfortunes, but against his wife Hepzibah, because she had not predicted them. And for the greater part of a week, the poor fellow lay in a perfect craze upon the orlop-deck, while the ship was rolling heavily. Nothing could persuade him but that he was the prophet Jonah in the belly of the whale, and he took the stowage of our cables for the whale's intestines. You could hear him even from the main-deck screaming at the top of his voice, "Wallow not, O whale! O whale! Lord, Thy servant repenteth, only let not this whale wallow so." So that in spite of all his tricks, hypocrisy, pride, and gluttony, I could not help taking compassion upon him, and having a hammock rigged tenderly for him, so that his empty and helpless body fell into a deep sleep as long as the prophet himself could have had it. For I never could show myself at Bridgend, if through my means Hezekiah found the sea his churchyard. On the other hand, the three wild men took their visitation from a wholly different point of view. They had never heard either of God or the devil, and could not believe themselves even worth the interference of either Power. For they did not believe that their souls were immortal (as I suppose they must have been), nor were they even aware of pos-

sessing anything more than a body apiece. My own idea of treatment was, that to bring them into self-respect, we should flog the whole three very soundly, and handsomely pickle them afterwards: nor could I see any finer method of curing them of their hairiness. But Captain Bampfylde, who showed the strangest interest in these savages, would on no account have them flogged until they gave occasion. He said that their ideas of justice might be thrown into a crooked line, if the cat-and-nine-tails were promiscuously administered. Whereas I knew that the only way to make a man dwell upon justice is to give him a taste of the opposite. He values the right after this, because he thinks there is none of it left upon earth.

So for the present these three "Jack Cannibals," as our tars entitled them, sate apart and messed apart — and a precious mess it was of it. They soon got over the "Marly Mary," as the Crappos call it; and we taught them how to chew tobacco, which they did, and swallowed it. Only their fear of the waves was such that they could not look over the side of the ship, or even out of a porthole. After a few days we fell in with pelting showers of hail and sleet, with a bitter gale from the north-north-west. I saw the beauty of this occasion to show mankind their need of clothes; therefore I roused up these three poor fellows, and had them thrown into a salting-tub full of ice-cold water. This made their teeth chatter bravely, and then we started them up the rigging, with a taste of rope's-end after them. They ran up the ratlins faster than even our very best hands could follow them, because of the power still left in their feet, though never having owned a shoemaker; but in the maintop they pulled up, and the wind went shivering through them.

Meanwhile I was sedately mounting (as my rank required now) with a very old pilot's coat, well worn out, hanging over my left arm.

"Here, Jack!" I cried to the biggest one; "take this, and throw it over you, to keep your poor bones warm."

The sheaves of the blocks were white with snow (which they always seem to be first to take), and so were the cleats and the weather side of topmast and top-gallant mast. When you see this, you may make up your mind to have every rope frosted ere morning. Therefore Jack Cannibal looked at the coat, and around it, as a monkey does.

"Put it on," I cried; "poor fellow! put it on to cover you."

He nodded and laughed, as if I were making some joke which he ought to understand, and then he threw the warm coat round his body (now quite blue from cold), but without any perception of sleeves, or skirts, or anything else, except, as it were, like a bit of thatching. And after that he helped us to civilize the rest; so that in course of time we had them in decency far superior to the average show of Scotchmen. And in about the same course of time, Cannibal Jack, I do assure you, became a very good seaman, and a wonderfully honest fellow, without any lies in him. And yet he said things better than the finest lies that could be told, all coming out of his oddness, and his manner of taking tameness. And if a roaring sound of laughter came to the ears of an officer (such as never could be allowed in the discipline of war-time), the officer always lifted lip, to have a smile accordingly, and said to himself, "I should like to know what Cannibal Jack has said to them."

The two other naked ones, Dick and Joe—as we christened them out of a bucket of tar, without meaning any harm to them—never could be entirely cured of their hereditary shortcomings. We taught them at last to wear clothes, by keeping a sharp leather strap always handy, against which their only protection was a good watch-coat, or a piece of sail-cloth; so that after a great deal of pleasantry, we set the ship-tailor to work for them. But no possible amount of strap, nor even cat-and-nine-tails administered by our boatswain's mate (a most noble hand at wielding it), could prevail upon them to abandon their desire for the property of their messmates. They even had the arrogance, as their English grew more fluent, to attempt to reason it out with us.

"Father David," said Cannibal Dick, for they had agreed that now I was their patron, even as Chowne had been; "you take the Crappo ship, the enemy; you call it, and then you leave them all their goods, not touch one of anything, and hand back the ship to him."

"Dick, none but a savage would talk such rubbish. We keep the ship, and all it holds, and put the men in prison."

"There for you now, there for you! And you beat us because we take not a great ship, but some little thing lying about in a ship, from our enemies."

"Will you never see things aright, Dick? We are not your enemies, we are your friends; and to steal things from us is robbery."

"You call it friends to steal us from our place, and people, and warm dry sands, and put us on this strange great wetness, where no mushrooms grow, and all we try to eat goes into it. And then you beat us, and drive us up trees such as we never saw before, and force us to hide in these dreadful things!"

Here he pointed to his breeches with a gaze of such hopeless misery, that I felt it would be an unkind thing to press him with further argument. However, the boy was enough to make up for a far worse lot than these were. We soaped him most powerfully, to begin with, even up to the skin of his eyelids, and he made no more objection than a Christian child might have offered. And after we had scraped him dry with the rough side of a spencer, he came out bright, I do assure you, and was such a model figure that we said to one another that he had some right to go naked. For his skin was now as fair and soft as the opening out of a water-lily, while his golden curls spread out, like flowers of the frogbit. Also his shoulders so nicely turned, and the slope of his sides so clever, with arms and legs of such elegant mould, being thick and thin in the proper places, and as straight as well-grown parsnip; then, again, his ankles clear, and feet of a character never beheld after any shoemaker.

Our common fellows made so much of this superior little chap, that I was compelled to interfere, and show my resolution: and this required to be done with some small sense of how to do it; otherwise the boy might take the turn of sour grapes with them, and be bullied even more than he had been petted thitherto. Moreover, all the other boys in the ship were longing to fight with him, which (as he was the smallest of all, and not brought up in a Christian manner) would have afforded him no fair play for his nice short nose, or his soft blue eyes. The little dear was as brave as a lion, and ready to fight any one of them; and he used to stand up to my elbow, suing for permission. And now he began to talk so well, that it was very hard upon him not to be allowed to fight a bit; according to the natural issue of all honest converse. However, I would not be persuaded, loving his pretty face as I did; and I fear that he had unhappy times, through the wickedness of the other boys. Having a stronger sense of mistake than afforded me any happiness—in the thick of my rank and comforts—I could not find any ease until everything, looked at anyhow, and from all bearings contem-

plated, lay before our Captain. He thought, enough to look wise; and then, he said that really I was fit to see to such little things myself. He had heard of a small boy covered over with a great deal of yellow hair; this should have been fetched off long ago; and what was the barber kept for? Thus it always does befall me, to be thrown back, without guidance, on my own resources. And even Lieutenant Bluett, with whom I next went to hold counsel, was more inclined to stretch and gape, after a heavy spell on deck, than to bring his mind to bear upon this child's adventures.

"Send the poor little beggar in," he said, "and let me look at him, if I can keep my eyes open. Llewellyn, you always did love savages."

"Lieutenant, you would not like me to account you in the number."

"Davy, you might fairly do it, when I come off deck, like this. Send him in, ere I snooze, old fellow."

This I did; and when the boy entered, shyly putting one hand to his forelocks (as I had instructed him), a beam of the newly-risen sun broke in through a bull's eye, and made a golden frame for him. In the middle of this he looked so innocent and so comely, and at the same time so well bred, that Master Rodney's sleepy eyes fell open with wonder at him. This was my doing, of course, entirely. "Soap and discipline" is my signal to the next generation; and nothing else can counteract all the heresies around us. Therefore this little boy's cheeks were brighter than any rose, from towelling; and his beautiful eyes without speck of dirt; and the top of his head as sweet and curly as a feathering hyacinth.

When I perceive that I have had the luck to make an impression, my rule is to say nothing at all, but appear to be unaware of it. This rule is founded on common-sense; and it took me so long to find it out, that it ought to be worth something. Otherwise, what offence one gives!

And not only that, but consider how seldom the man who succeeds deserves it. Any modest man, like me, upon any moderate success, is bound to examine himself, and feel less confidence than he used to have. His success is enough to prove, according to the ways of the world, that he never can have deserved it.

This remembrance led me now to abstain from even patting "Harry" (as we had named this little fellow) on his golden head at all, lest I should manifest undue pride in a creature of my creation. For such he was, beyond all mistake; and it would have given me pleasure to back him for a crown against any boy in our fleet, or any three in the whole French navy; taking age, of course, and size, into consideration.

"What a fine little fellow!" said Rodney Bluett; "why, he ought to be a midshipman. I had no idea your savages could turn out such young ones. I must see what I can do for him, Davy. Only I can't think of anything now."

Perceiving that I was likely to do more harm than good by pressing the matter just then, I took little Harry away with me, and found him quite full of the young lieutenant's brave appearance and kindly smile. In a word, they were pleased with one another so heartily, and so lastingly, that it was the luckiest day, perhaps, of poor little Harry's unlucky career, when I first commended him to the notice of the Honourable Rodney.

For this latter was now not only a general favourite in the ship, but also a great power; being our second luff, and twice as active as our first was. He took the boy under his special care, and taught him all sorts of ennobling things—how to read, and write, and spell, and clean boots, and wait at breakfast. So that I felt many qualms sometimes, quite apart from all narrow methods of regarding anything, and springing from the simple fear that the child might be spoiled for his station in life, and fail to become a good seaman.

THE PROTECTION OF STRASBURG.—Strasburg, according to German journals, is to be surrounded by a girdle of eighteen forts, at an average distance of about one German mile from the *enciente* of the town. Five of these forts, to the north-west of the city, will be first built. Their construction has been undertaken by various companies of contractors, and they are to be completed by the first of April 1865. A commencement has been made by erecting a number of temporary dwellings, sufficient to

accommodate from 800 to 1,000 masons at each of the sites. These men will chiefly come from other parts of France or Germany, as the Alsations are disinclined to accept employment on the works. The remaining thirteen forts will not be begun until the first five are completed. The total expense is estimated at from thirty to forty millions of thalers. When all are finished, and not till then, the old fortifications will be demolished.—*German Correspondent.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A GIANT PLANET.

DURING the present month an evening star, which some may mistake for the planet of love, will adorn the western skies for several hours after sunset. This orb is not, however, the true Hesperus, nor does it shine with equal lustre. It is the noble planet Jupiter, the giant of the solar system, itself the centre of a system of orbs whose movements, under the mighty influence of their ruling centre, resemble in regularity the motions of the planets round the sun. We propose to give a brief sketch of what is known respecting this planet, the only member of the solar system,—or rather of the better known part of that scheme,—which chances, at the present time, to be well placed for observation. Much has been discovered during the last few years,—nay, during the last four months,—to render such a sketch interesting.

We must, in the first place, dispossess ourselves of the notion, not uncommonly entertained, that Jupiter is one of a family of orbs, nearly equal in dignity and importance, and comprising the Earth and Venus, Mars and Mercury, among its members. This idea still prevails, because in our books on astronomy we commonly see a set of concentric circles at regularly increasing distances, assigned as the paths of the several planets of the solar system. And besides, there yet remains in the modern teaching of astronomy a perceptible trace of the ancient astronomical systems, in which Saturn and Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, played parts of equal importance.

Let it be carefully remembered, then, that the four planets which circle nearest to the sun,—the family of which our earth is a member,—differ in all their characteristics from the outer family (also consisting of four planets) to which Jupiter belongs. The whole of the inner family—the whole of the space within which its members travel—could be placed between the paths of Jupiter and his next neighbour Saturn, with a clear space many millions of miles wide on either side. The actual area between the paths of Jupiter and Saturn exceeds nearly thirty times the whole area within which the four lesser planets pursue their paths. And when we consider the dimensions of the four inner planets we find a like disproportion. Four circles representing these orbs can be enclosed within a circle representing Uranus, the smallest of the four outer planets; yet even this circumstance does

not adequately represent the enormous disparity between the two families of planets; for, in fact, the volume of Uranus exceeds the combined volume of all the inner planets upwards of thirty times. We might adduce many other illustrations of the complete dissimilarity between the inner and the outer families of the planets; but what has been already stated will suffice for our present purpose. It will be evident that in considering the members of one or other family, we must be prepared to meet with relations which differ not merely in degree, but in kind. We may thus, at the outset, dismiss from our thoughts the idea that the planet Jupiter is necessarily to be regarded as an inhabited world merely because the only planet we are actually acquainted with is inhabited. The latter circumstance may be an excellent reason for regarding Mars or Venus as the abode of life; but the analogy can no more be extended to Jupiter than to the fixed stars, which certainly are not inhabited worlds. We must, in fact, consider the physical habitudes of Jupiter independently of all conceptions based upon terrestrial analogies. Studied thus, he will be found, as we conceive, to hold a position in the scheme of creation differing considerably from that which has been assigned to him, until of late, in treatises on astronomy.

It is necessary briefly to state the dimensions, mass, and general characteristics of the planet, before proceeding to discuss its probable physical condition.

Jupiter has a diameter exceeding the earth's rather more than ten times, and a volume exceeding hers 1,230 times. It is not far from the truth to say that Jupiter's dimensions exceed the earth's in very nearly the same degree that those of the sun exceed Jupiter's. But his mass, though gigantic compared with the earth's, does not altogether correspond to his bulk, for it exceeds the mass of the earth only three hundred times. So that, if the disc our astronomers see and measure, actually represents the true globe of the planet his substance must be, on the average, much less dense than that of the earth. In fact, while the earth's density is nearly six times as great as that of water, the density of Jupiter (*thus judged*) would exceed that of water by barely one-third. This vast globe rotates in less than ten hours on an axis nearly upright or square to the level in which the planet travels. This rapidity of rotation,—so great that points on the planet's equator travel twenty-seven times as fast as points

on the terrestrial equator, — results in a considerable flattening of the planet's globe; inasmuch that the polar diameter is less than the equatorial by about a twelfth part, or by fully 7,000 miles. And it may be remarked in passing, that this circumstance — the fact, namely, that the poles of the planet are drawn in, as it were, 3,500 miles as compared with the equatorial regions, or 1,750 miles as compared with the mid-latitudes in either hemisphere, — affords a striking illustration of the enormous amount of energy really represented by the rotation of Jupiter. It may also be added that the velocity with which points on Jupiter's equatorial zone are carried round, exceeds the corresponding velocity in the case of all the planets in the solar system, and is nearly six times greater than the equatorial velocity of the sun himself. It amounts, in fact, to about 7 1-2 miles per second!

We do not propose to consider here at any length the system of satellites over which Jupiter bears sway; but this preliminary sketch would be incomplete without a few words on the subject. It is worthy of notice that although our earth in some sort resembles the outer planets in being accompanied by a satellite, yet the relation which our moon bears to the earth is altogether different from that which the satellites of the outer planets bear to their respective primaries. Our moon is by no means a minute body by comparison with the earth, and compared with Mars or Mercury she may be regarded as having very respectable dimensions. We may, indeed, look upon the moon as a fifth member of the inner family of planet's, — a member inferior to the rest, doubtless, but still not so far inferior to the earth. In the case of the outer planets, however, and especially in Jupiter's case, moons hold an utterly subordinate position. Taking the accepted measurements, we find the largest of Jupiter's moons less than the 16,000th part of its primary as respects bulk, while its mass or weight is less than the 11,000th part of Jupiter's.* So that these orbs may fairly be regarded as bearing the same relation to their primary that Jupiter himself bears to his primary, — the

sun. It will be seen presently that this consideration is an important one.

But the great interest of the study of Jupiter resides in the fact that being the nearest of the outer family of planets, the aspect of his globe supplies the best available means for determining the condition of the giant orbs constituting that family.

The first feature which strikes us in the telescopic aspect of the planet is the presence of a series of belts, lying parallel to the planet's equator. Usually the equatorial regions are occupied by a broad bright belt, of a creamy white colour, and bordered on the north and south by copper-coloured belts. Beyond these, again, lie alternate bright and dark belts, the dark belts growing more and more bluish in hue as the pole is approached, — while the poles themselves are usually of a somewhat decided blue colour in telescopes adapted to display such features to advantage. There are commonly two or three dark belts on each hemisphere.

Now, before inquiring into the peculiarities presented by these belts, and into the remarkable changes which have been noted lately in their general aspect, it may be well for us to consider briefly what such belts seem to imply. That they are due to peculiarities in the planet's atmosphere is admitted on all hands. And it has been usual to compare them with the trade-wind zones and the great equatorial calm zone on our earth. The bright belts according to this view, are regarded as zones where for the time clouds are prevalent, the dark belts being regions where the comparatively dark hues of the planet's surface are brought into view. And then it has been deemed sufficient to point out, that the parallelism of the zones is due to the extreme rapidity of the planet's rotation.

But setting aside the fact that the trade-wind zones and the great equatorial calm zone on our earth are, in reality, little better than meteorological myths, it must be regarded as a remarkable fact that, in the case of a planet so far away from the sun as Jupiter is, there should be a supply of clouds so abundant as to form belts discernible from the earth. Jupiter is rather more than five times farther from the sun than the earth is, and receives from him about one twenty-seventh part of the light and heat which falls upon the earth (equal surface for equal surface). Making every allowance for the possibility pointed out by Professor Tyndall, that some quality in Jupiter's atmosphere may prevent the solar heat from escaping, and so cause the climate of the planet to be not very differ-

* It is not uncommonly stated in our text-books of astronomy, that the density of Jupiter's moons is far less than Jupiter's density; and Lardner goes so far as to say that "the density of the matter composing these satellites is much smaller than that of any other body of the system whose density is known." But this is a mistake. All the satellites are one, are of greater density than Jupiter, and that one — the innermost — is denser than Saturn, Uranus, or Neptune.

ent from the earth's, yet the direct heat falling on the planet's oceans cannot be increased in this way—nay, it must be rather diminished. It chanced, indeed, that the very quality by which the earth's atmosphere retains the solar heat is unquestionably possessed by Jupiter's atmosphere. When our air is full of aqueous vapour (invisible to the eye) the escape of heat is prevented, as Tyndall has shown, and thus the nights are warmer than where the air is dry. Now in Jupiter's atmosphere there is much water, for observers armed with that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, have recognized the very same dark bands upon the spectrum of the planet which appear in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, and therefore shining through the lower and denser atmospheric strata. The spectroscopist knows that these bands are due to the aqueous vapour in the air, because Janssen saw the very same bands when he examined the spectrum of a powerful light shining through tubes filled with steam. So that there is the vapour of water—and that, too, in enormous quantities—in the atmosphere of Jupiter. But though we thus recognize the very quality necessary for an atmosphere which is to retain the solar heat, our difficulty is not a whit lessened; for it is as difficult to understand how the invisible aqueous vapour finds its way thus into the planet's atmosphere, as to understand how the great cloud-masses are formed.

Aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, whether its presence is rendered sensible to the sight or not, implies the action of heat. Other things being equal, the greater the heat the greater the quantity of watery vapour in the air. In the summer, for instance—though many imagine the contrary—there is much more of such vapour in the air than there is in winter, the greater heat of the air enabling it to keep a greater quantity of the vapour in the invisible form. In winter, clouds are more common, and the air seems moister; yet, in reality, the quantity of aqueous vapour is reduced. Now it cannot but be regarded as a remarkable circumstance that, though the sun supplies Jupiter with only one twenty-seventh part of the heat which we receive, there should yet be raised from the oceans of Jupiter such masses of clouds as to form veritable zones; and that, moreover, above these clouds there should be so large a quantity of invisible aqueous vapour that the spectroscopist can recognize the bands of this vapour in the planet's spectrum.

Even more perplexing is the circumstance that the cloud-masses should form themselves into zones. We cannot get rid of this difficulty by a mere reference to the planet's rapid rotation, unless we are prepared to show how this rotation is to act in forcing the cloud-masses to become true belts. The whole substance of Jupiter and his whole atmosphere must take part in his rotation, and to suppose that aqueous vapour raised from his oceans would be left behind in the upper air like the steam from a railway engine, is to make a mistake resembling that which caused Tycho Brahe to deny the rotation of the earth, because bodies projected into the air are not left behind by the rotating earth. Nor is it conceivable that belts which vary remarkably, from time to time, in position and extent, should be formed by sun-raised clouds in the Jovian atmosphere, if the planet's surface is divided into permanent lands and seas.

But we are thus led to consider a circumstance which, as it appears to us, disposes finally of the idea that in the cloud-rings of Jupiter we have to deal with phenomena resembling those presented by our own earth.

We are too apt in studying the celestial objects to forget that where all seems at nearly perfect rest, there may be processes of the utmost activity,—nay, rather of the utmost violence,—taking place as it were under our very eyes, and yet not perceptible save to the eye of reason. Looking at Jupiter, under his ordinary aspect, even in the finest telescope, one would feel certain that a general calm prevailed over his mighty globe. The steadfast equatorial ring, and the straight and sharply defined bands over either hemisphere, suggest certainly no idea of violent action. And when some feature in a belt is seen to change slowly in figure,—or rather, when at the end of a certain time it is found to have so changed, for no eye can follow such changes as they proceed,—we are not prepared to recognize in the process the evidence of disturbances compared with which the fiercest hurricanes that have ever raged on earth are as mere summer zephyrs.

Indeed the planet Jupiter has been selected even by astronomers of repute as an abode of pleasantness, a sort of paradise among the planet-worlds. There exists, we are told, in that distant world, a perennial spring,—“A striking display of the beneficence of the Creator,” says Admiral Smyth; “for the Jovian year contains twelve mundane years; and if there were a proportionate length of winter, that cold

season would be three of the earthly years in length and tend to the destruction of vegetable life."

Even those who have denied that Jupiter can be the abode of life, and have formed altogether unfavourable ideas of his condition, have pictured him nevertheless as the scene of continual calm, though the calm is, according to their view, the calm of gloom and desolation. They recognize in Jupiter an eternal winter rather than a perpetual spring. Whewell, for example, in that once famous work the *Plurality of Worlds*, maintained that if living creatures exist at all in Jupiter, they must be wretched gelatinous monsters, languidly floating about in icy seas. According to him Jupiter is but a great globe of ice and water with perhaps a cindery nucleus—a glacial planet, with no more vitality in it than an iceberg.

But when we begin to examine the records of observers, and to consider them with due reference to the vast proportions of the planet, we recognize the fact that whatever may be Jupiter's unfitness to be the abode of life, it is not of an excess of stillness that his inhabitants (if he have any) can justly make complaint. Setting aside the enormous activity of which the mere existence of the belts affords evidence, and even regarding such phenomena as the formation of a disappearance of a new belt in two or three hours as merely indicative of heavy rainfalls or of the condensation of large masses of invisible aqueous vapour into clouds,—there have been signs on more occasions than one, of Jovian hurricanes blowing persistently for several weeks together at a rate compared with which the velocity of our fiercest tornadoes seems utterly insignificant. During the year 1860, a rift in one of the Jovian cloud-belts behaved in such a way as to demonstrate the startling fact that a hurricane was raging over an extent of Jovian territory equalling the whole surface of our earth, at a rate of fully 150 miles per hour. It is not too much to say that a hurricane of like velocity on our earth would destroy every building in the territory over which it raged, would uproot the mightiest forest trees, and would cause in fact universal desolation. At sea no ship that man ever made could withstand the fury of such a storm for a single minute. And yet this tremendous Jovian hurricane continued to rage with unabated fury for at least six weeks, or for fully one hundred Jovian days.

But during the last two or three years a change of so remarkable a nature has

passed over Jupiter as to imply the existence of forces even more energetic than those at work in producing atmospheric changes.

In the autumn of 1870, Mr. Browning, (the eminent optician and observer) called the attention of astronomers to the fact that the great equatorial zone, usually, as we have said, of a creamy white colour, had assumed a decidedly orange tint. At the same time it had become much less uniform in outline, and sundry peculiarities in its appearance could be recognized, which have been severally compared to portholes, pipe-bowls and stems, oval mouldings, and other objects of an uncelestial nature. Without entering into descriptions which could only be rendered intelligible by means of a series of elaborate illustrations, let it suffice to say that the bright edges of the belts bordering on this ruddy equatorial zone seemed to be frayed and torn like the edges of storm clouds, and that the knots and projections thus formed often extended so far upon the great orange zone, from both sides, as almost to break it up into separate parts.

Now without inquiring into the particular form of action to which these remarkable changes were due, we can see at once that they implied processes of extreme energy. For, every one of the projections and knots, the seeming frayed edges of narrow cloud-streaks, had, in reality, an extent exceeding the largest of our terrestrial countries. Yet their aspect, and indeed the whole aspect of the ruddy belt, whose extent far exceeded the whole surface of our earth, changed obviously from night to night.

Strangely enough, these interesting observations, though they were presently confirmed by several well-known students of the heavens, did not attract that full attention from the senior astronomers of the day, which they appeared to merit. Several, indeed, of our leading astronomers were disposed to deny that anything unusual was in progress, though none asserted definitely that they based this opinion on a careful re-examination of the planet's face. But quite recently one of the most eminent of our modern observers—Mr. Lassell, lately president of the Royal Astronomical Society—(having been led to observe the planet by the fact that certain phenomena of interest in connection with the satellite system are now in progress), found his attention attracted by the marvellous beauty of the colours presented by Jupiter's belts. After describing the appearances he had intended to observe in

the first instance, he proceeds, "But this was not the phenomenon which struck me most in this rare and exquisite view of Jupiter. I must acknowledge that I have hitherto been inclined to think that there might be some exaggeration in the coloured views I have lately seen of the planet; but this property of the disc, in the view I am describing, was so unmistakable that my scepticism is at last beginning to yield." Nor will this statement be thought to express more than the truth, when we add that in the picture accompanying his paper, Mr. Lassell presented the equatorial zone as brown-orange, and three neighbouring dark zones as purple; one of the intermediate light belts being pictured as of light olive-green.

Let us compare these observations made in our brumous latitudes, with those effected by Father Secchi with the fine equatorial of the Roman Observatory. "During the fine evenings of this month," he wrote last February, "Jupiter has presented a wonderful aspect. The equatorial band, of a very pronounced rose colour, was strewn with a large number of yellowish clouds. Above and below this band, there were many very fine zones, with others strongly marked and narrow, which resembled stretched threads. The blue and yellow colours formed a remarkable contrast with the red zone, a contrast doubtless increased by a little illusion. The surface of the planet is actually so different from that which I have formerly seen, that there is room for the study of the planet's meteorology."

It appears to us that when these remarkable changes are considered in combination with the circumstance that on *a priori* grounds we should expect the sun to have very little influence on the condition of the planet's atmosphere, the idea cannot but be suggested that the chief source of all this energy resides in the planet itself. The idea may seem startling at a first view, but when once entertained, many arguments will be found to present themselves in its favour.

For instance, it does not seem to have been noticed, heretofore, as a very remarkable circumstance if the Jovian belts are sun-raised, that they pass round to the nocturnal half of Jupiter and reappear again, with the same general features as before, and this often for weeks at a stretch. Even that remarkable feature whose changes led to the conclusion that mighty hurricanes were in progress, yet changed continuously and regularly during the Jovian nights as well as during the

Jovian days, for one hundred such days in succession. This is perfectly intelligible if the seat of disturbance is in the planet itself, but it is perfectly inexplicable (as it seems to us) if the sun occasions all these meteorological changes in Jupiter, as he occasions all the changes which take place in our earth's atmosphere. The alternation of day and night, which is one of the most potent of all circumstances affecting the earth's meteorological condition, appears to have no effect whatever on the condition of Jupiter's atmosphere!

Now, as respects the alternation of summer and winter, we can form no satisfactory opinion in Jupiter's case, because he has no seasons worth mentioning. For instance, in latitudes on Jupiter corresponding to our own, the difference between extreme winter and extreme summer corresponds to the difference between the warmth on March 12 and March 28, or between the warmth on September 15 and on September 31. Yet we are not without evidence as to seasonal meteorological effects in the case of the sun's outer family of planets. Saturn, a belted planet like Jupiter, and in all other respects resembling him so far as telescopic study can be trusted, has seasons even more markedly contrasted than those on our own earth. We see now one pole now another bowed towards us, and his equatorial zone is curved now downwards now upwards, so as to form two half ovals (at these opposite seasons) which taken together, would make an ellipse about half as broad as it is long. As no less than fourteen years and a half separate the Saturnian summer and winter, we might fairly expect that the sun's action would have time to exert itself. In particular, we might fairly expect the great equatorial zone to be displaced; for our terrestrial zone of calms or "doldrums" travels north and south of the equator as the sun shifts northwards and southwards of the celestial equator, accomplishing in this way a range of no less than 3,000 miles. But the Saturnian equatorial zone is not displaced at all during the long Saturnian year. It remains always persistently equatorial! Nothing could be more easy than the detection of its change of place if it followed the sun; yet no observer has ever suspected the slightest degree of systematic change corresponding with the changes of the Saturnian seasons. Or rather, it is absolutely certain that no such change takes place.

It appears, then, that night and day, and summer and winter, are alike without in-

fluence on the Jovian and Saturnian cloud zones. Can it reasonably be questioned that, this being the case, we must look for the origin of the cloud zones in these planets themselves, and not in the solar orb, whose action must needs be largely influenced by the alternation of night and day and of the seasons?

But farther, we find that a circumstance which had seemed perplexing when we compared the Jovian belts with terrestrial trade-wind zones, finds an explanation at once when we regard the belts as due to some form of action exerted by the planet itself. For let us suppose that streams of vapour are poured upwards to vast heights and with great velocity from the true surface of the planet. Then such streams starting from the surface with the rotational movement there prevailing, would be carried to regions where (owing to increase of distance from the centre) the movement due to the planet's rotation would be greater. They would thus be caught by the more swiftly-moving upper air and carried forwards, the *modus operandi* being the reverse of that observed when an engine leaves a trail of condensed steam behind it; or rather it may be compared to what would take place if a steam-engine were moving in the same direction as the wind but less swiftly, so that steam-clouds would be carried in front instead of behind.

Now, heat is the only form of force which could account for the formation of the enormous masses of cloud suspended in the atmosphere of Jupiter. And it seems difficult to conceive that the clouds could be maintained at a great height above the real surface of the planet unless that surface were intensely hot, — as hot perhaps as red-hot iron. If we supposed this to be the case we should find at once an explanation of the ruddy aspect of the dark belts. Nor would the change of the great equatorial belt from white to red imply more than that, owing to some unknown cause, clouds had not formed during the last two years over the planet's equatorial zone, or, having formed, had been dispersed in some way. We need not even imagine a complete dispersion, since the best telescopes, and notably Mr. Buckingham's fine 21-inch refractor, have shown always a multitude of minute cloud-like objects over the ruddy equatorial zone.

But the idea of a red-hot planet, or of a planet partially red-hot, will appear at a first view too *bizarre* to be entertained

even for a moment. We have been so accustomed to regard Jupiter and Saturn as other worlds, that the mind is disposed to reject the conception that they can be so intensely heated as to be utterly unfit to be the abode of living creatures.

This unwillingness to accept startling ideas is not to be altogether reprehended, since it prevents the mind from forming rash and baseless speculations. Yet we must not suffer this mental habitude, excellent though it may be in its proper place, to interfere with the admission of conclusions which seem based on trustworthy evidence. Let us then inquire whether the startling hypothesis to which we have been led by the study of observed facts may not be found to be in agreement with other facts not yet considered.

It will be obvious that if the real globe of Jupiter is thus intensely heated, a portion of the planet's light must be inherent. Therefore we might expect that the planet would shine somewhat more brightly than a globe of equal size and similarly placed, shining merely by reflecting the sun's light. Now two series of good observations have been made upon the luminosity of Jupiter. One was made by the late Professor Bond, of America, the other by Dr. Zöllner, of Germany. According to the former, Jupiter shines more brightly than he would if he reflected the whole of the light falling upon him! According to the latter, and more trustworthy series, Jupiter does not indeed shine quite so brightly as Professor Bond supposed, but the planet yet shines *three times* as brightly as a globe of equal size would shine, if similarly placed, but constituted like Mars, and *four times* as brightly as such a globe would shine if constituted like our moon. Jupiter shines in fact very nearly as brightly as though he were constituted like one of our terrestrial clouds!

This result is highly significant. If Jupiter showed no belts and shone with a pure white colour, we could explain it at once by simply regarding Jupiter as wholly cloud-covered or snow-covered (for snow and cloud shine with nearly equal lustre when similarly illuminated). But the great dark belts which occupy so large a proportion of the planet's disc altogether negative this supposition. We seem compelled to believe that some considerable portion of the planet's lustre is inherent.

Let us, however, proceed carefully here. We have to inquire first how far Zöllner's results can be trusted, and secondly, whether they are corroborated by any in-

dependent evidence. Now Zöllner carefully estimated the weight of his observations. — we may say he jealously estimated their weight, for it must be remembered that he was in no way interested in securing a greater or less result, while he was greatly interested in so stating the value of his results that those who might succeed him in the inquiry should not detect any serious error in his estimate. But his opinion of the probable degree of error in his observations was such as scarcely to affect to an appreciable extent the statements we have made above. Taking Zöllner's lowest estimate of Jupiter's brightness, that statement remains appreciably correct.

And next as to corroborative evidence.

It happens that we have a very delicate means of measuring the degree of Jupiter's luminosity, as compared with that of other orbs similarly placed. For his satellites pass across his face, and nothing can be easier than to observe whether they appear darker or brighter than his surface.

It was an observation such as this which Mr. Lassell had made on the night when he noticed the ruddiness of Jupiter's great medial belt. By a singular chance Father Secchi made a similar observation during his researches, and the reader will see, when we have quoted the narratives of both these observers, that the comparative darkness of all four satellites will have been established. "The fourth satellite," says Lassell, "has begun again for a season to cross the planet's disc, and I have looked out for opportunities of observing its passages, and was favoured on the night of the 30th December last by witnessing a part of its passage under circumstances more than usually propitious. On its first entrance it was scarcely to be distinguished from the edge, not appearing at all as the others do, as a round bright spot. As it advanced it grew gradually manifestly darker than the surface of the planet, and by the time it had advanced a fourth of the way across it had become a very dark if not a *black* spot — so dark, indeed, that if I had looked at Jupiter without knowing anything of the positions of his satellites, I should have said that a *shadow* (of a satellite) was passing. I remember having seen the like phenomenon many years ago; but my impression is that I had never seen the disc of the satellite so near to absolute blackness before. Of course it is only by contrast that it can possibly so appear; and we have in this fact a striking proof

of the exceeding brilliancy of the surface of the planet. In the same way the solar spots, if not surrounded by the marvellous splendour of the sun's surface, would doubtless appear as brilliant objects."

Next let us hear Secchi's account. "On the evening of February 3rd," he says, "I observed the transit of the third satellite and that of its shadow. The satellite seemed almost black when it was upon the middle of the planet's disc, and notably smaller than its shadow, which was visible at the same time; one would have estimated it at only one-half. In approaching the edge the satellite disappeared, and reappeared soon after, close by the edge, but as a bright point. This fact is not a new one for the other satellites, but for the third it is unique. This result shows also the great difference of luminosity at the centre and near the edge of the planet, a difference already confirmed by photography."

It is hardly necessary to point out how strikingly these facts illustrate and confirm Dr. Zöllner's observations. But they also supply fresh evidence of a very interesting nature.

Although a part of the difference dwelt on in Secchi's closing words may be ascribed to the oblique incidence of the light near the planet's edge, yet it does not appear to us that the whole difference can be thus explained. A difference so great that a satellite appears as a bright point close by the planet's edge, and almost black near the middle of the disc, suggests that the light near the edge is not reinforced by the inherent luminosity of our theory, that luminosity adding only to the brightness of the central parts of the disc. We would not insist too strongly on this inference, because the darkening due to oblique incidence is, under certain circumstances, very obvious to direct observation. But it seems to us that a portion of the difference should be referred to the inherent luminosity of the central parts of the disc. This being admitted, it would follow that the real solid globe of the planet is much smaller than the globe measured by astronomers; and that, therefore, instead of that amazingly small density which is so perplexing a feature of the planet's physical condition, Jupiter's globe may have a density equalling or exceeding that of the earth.

And after all, let us remember that the theory that Jupiter is an intensely heated globe, — a theory to which we have been led by the consideration of many observed facts, and which in its turn sug-

gests very satisfactory explanations of other observed facts—would merely show that, as Jupiter and Saturn hold an intermediate position between the sun and the minor planets in respect of size, so those giant orbs hold a corresponding position in respect of inherent heat. Roughly speaking, the earth is 8,000 miles, the sun 840,000 miles, in diameter, and Jupiter, with his diameter of 82,000 miles, comes midway between these orbs. Now, the sun is at a white heat, and the earth gives out only what is called obscure heat; and if Jupiter's globe is at a red heat, he again comes midway between the sun and the earth.

We should be led by the theory here maintained to regard the major planets which travel outside the zone of asteroids as in a sense secondary suns. So viewed, they could not be regarded as orbs fit for the support of living creatures. Yet, as each of them is the centre of a scheme of dependent worlds, of dimensions large enough to supply room for many millions of living creatures, we should not merely find a *raison d'être* for the outer planets, but we should be far better able to explain their purpose in the scheme of creation than on any theory hitherto put forward respecting them. Jupiter as an abode of life is a source of wonder and perplexity, and his satellites seem scarcely to serve any useful purpose. He appears as a bleak and desolate dwelling-place, and they together supply him with scarcely a twentieth part of the light which we receive from our moon at full. But regarding Jupiter as a miniature sun, not indeed possessing any large degree of inherent lustre, but emitting a considerable quantity of heat, we recognize in him the fitting ruler of a scheme of subordinate orbs, whose inhabitants would require the heat which he affords to eke out the small supply which they receive directly from the sun. The Saturnian system, again, is no longer mysterious when thus viewed. The strange problem presented by the rings, which actually conceal the sun from immense regions of the planet for years together in the very heart of the winter of those regions is satisfactorily solved when the Saturnian satellites are regarded as the abodes of life, and Saturn himself as the source of a considerable proportion of their heat-supply. We do not say that, in thus exhibiting the Jovian and Saturnian systems in a manner which accords with our ideas respecting the laws of life in the universe, we have given irrefragable testimony in favour of our theory. That theo-

ry must stand or fall according to the evidence in its favour or against it. But so long as men believe that there is design in the scheme of the universe, they will be readier to accept conclusions which exhibit it at once the major planets and their satellites as occupying an intelligible position in that scheme, than views which leave the satellites unaccounted for, and present the giant planets themselves as very questionable abodes for any known orders of living creatures.

From The Spectator.

AN AMERICAN MINOR POET.*

THERE are a few English and many American readers who will recognize in this pleasant volume old acquaintances taken from a larger and in some respects more characteristic collection of poems which appeared in Boston (Massachusetts) in 1854, though they will find here some beautiful little poems not to be found there. They will recognize in it, moreover, the double-refined manner and classical taste of the Massachusetts school of literature,—that school which has so often made one feel, in reading Lowell and Longfellow, and even Hawthorne, that whatever gifts the New World has added or taken away, it has at least cultivated a taste more scrupulous and fastidious than even European capitals can boast. Dr. Parsons, as represented at least in the volume which he has just published in London, belongs completely to this school. You find in him, too, that evanescent flavour of the Elizabethan literary air which seems to haunt all schools wherein manner counts for even more than matter, as if this touch of sixteenth-centuryism, were a sort of intellectual tribute-money which learned men cannot forbear to pay to the age in which the spirit of modern literature was born. Take, for example, the following delicate little poem on Guido's "Aurora," that beautiful picture known to most of us,—the present reviewer included,—only by engravings, but by some of the finest engravings of which the engraver's art can boast:—

"GUIDO'S AURORA. — (*In the Rospigliosi Palace, Rome.*)

"La concubina di Titone antico
Glia s' imbiancava al balzo d' oriente,
Fuor delle braccia del suo dolce amico:
Di gemme la sua fronte era lucente

FUGGIATARIO, IX.*

* *The Shadow of the Obelisk and other Poems.* By Thomas William Parsons. London: Hatchards.

"Forth from the arms of her beloved now,
Whitening the Orient steep, the Concubine
Of old Tithonus comes, her lucent brow
Glistening with gems, her fair hands filled
with flowers,
That drop their violet odours on the brine,
While from her girdle pours a wealth of
pearls
Round ocean's rocks and every vessel's prow
That cuts the laughing billow's crested
curls.
Behind her step the busy, sober Hours,
With much to do;—and they must move
apace:
Wake up Apollo! should the women stir,
And thou be lagging? brighten up thy face!
(Those eyes of Phaeton more brilliant were)
Hurry, dull God! Hyperion, to thy race!
Thy steeds are galloping, but thou seem'st
slow:
Hesper, glad wretch, hath newly fed his
torch,
And flies before thee, and the world cries, Go!
Light the dark woods, the dew-drenched
mountain scorch!
Phœbus, Aurora calls, why linger so?"

There the only mannerism which seems to our ear somewhat artificial,—the epithet "glad wretch" applied to Hesper, who is flying in the west as Aurora touches the east with light,—is a mere piece of tribute-money paid to the great age to which our English literature owes its origin. The verses are otherwise a perfect reflection of the picture and it is hardly possible to say anything higher in praise of a purely descriptive effort. Of course like every reflection of the achievement of one great art by another, it is not so much mere reflection as interpretation. It is a poem which should be read by the side of the late Mr. W. C. Roscoe's exquisite sonnet on a kindred subject, Gibson's statue of Aurora; where no doubt there is less room for description, and more is necessarily supplied by the imagination than was possible in the rendering of Guido's wonderful picture.*

* As some of our readers may not know the sonnet to which we refer, and it is a very fine literary pendant to Dr. Parsons', we will transcribe it here:—

GIBSON'S STATUE OF AURORA.

"Fair unto all men, shining Morning, seems
Thy face serene, when a new day unrolls,
And all old sights and long endured doles
Seem fresh and bearable in thy bright beams.
But only to the dreamers of sweet dreams,
The visionary apprehensive souls
Whose finer insight no dim sense controls,
Com'st thou in this fair shape o'er Ocean's
streams,—
Thy white foot hanging on an Eastern wave,
And thy swept garments blown by early air;
In thy two hands rich urns, pow'rful to save
From darkness and the terror of the grave;
And in thy face calm victory dost thou wear
Over the night and terror and despair."

The same love of refinement, we might almost say over-love of it, which we have so often remarked in the higher New England literature, appears in almost every poem in the volume,—of a few of which we might almost say that the thought has been strained till it has left little except graceful language behind it, like the lines "To Josephine . . . with Ivy Leaves," or the lines on "Roslin Chapel." On the other hand, to some poems, which embody the true "lyrical cry" of deep feeling, it gives an air of delicate simplicity and purity, for instance, to the following, written from Wayland, Massachusetts, of one couplet at least of which,—the one we italicize,—Wordsworth himself would have been proud:—

"TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"Think not that this enchanted isle
Wherein I dwell, some days a king,
Postpones till June its tardy smile,
And only knows imagined spring.

"Not yet my lilies are in bloom;
But lo! my cherry, bridal white,
Whose sweetness fills my sunny room,
The bees, and me, with one delight.

"And on the brink of Lanham Brook,
The laughing cowslips catch mine eye,
As on the bridge I stop to look
At the stray blossoms loitering by.

"Our almond-willow waves its plumes
In contrast with the dark-haired pine,
And in the morning sun perfumes
The lane almost like summer's vine.

"Dear Poet! shouldst thou tread with me,
Even in the spring, these woodland ways,
Under thy foot the violet see,
And overhead the maple sprays,

"Thou mightst forego thy Charles's claim,
To wander by our stream awhile:
So should these meadows grow to fame,
And all the Muses haunt our Isle."

It is only now and then that Dr. Parsons rises into that higher intensity of feeling where the very simplicity of structure itself expresses the strength and truth of the thought. Grace is the chief charm of his verse, as it is exhibited in this volume; but, as in the verses we have just quoted, once and again it transcends grace, and clothes itself in a form so natural and so musical as to take a living hold of the mind. Perhaps the stanzas on

Our readers will observe that here, too, is the half-
evanescent flavour of the Elizabethan manner, especially in the use of the old-fashioned word "doles" for griefs.

a picture by Schœffer of Francesca da Rimini present as fine a specimen as we could take, after the beautiful lines we have just quoted, though the final verse strikes us as falling off in some degree from the power of the first two :—

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.—(*A Picture by Schœffer.*)

"You restless ghosts that roam the lurid air,
I feel your misery, — for I was there;
Yea, not in dreams, but breathing and alive,
Have seen the storm, and heard the tempest
drive :

Yet while the sleet went, withering as it past,
And the mad hail gave scourges to the blast,
While all was black below, and flame above,
Have thought, — 'tis little to the storm of
love :

You know that sadly, know it to your cost,
Ah, too much loving, and for ever lost !

"Still, suffering spirits, even your doom affords
Kisses and tears, however scant of words;
Brief is your story, but it liveth long, —
Oh ! thank for that your poet and his song :
Be it some comfort, in that hateful Hell,
You had a lover of your love to tell;
One that knew all, — the ecstasy, the gloom,
All the sad raptures that precede the tomb;
The fluttering hope, the triumph, and the
care, —
The wild emotion, and the sure despair.

"Not every friend hath friendship's finer touch,
To pardon passion, when it mounts too much;
Not every soul hath proved its own excess,
And feared the throb it still would not repress;
But he whose numbers gave you unto fame,
Lord of the lay, — I need not speak his
name, —

Was one who felt; whose life was love or hate;
Born for extremes, he scorned the middle
state;

And well he knew that, since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."

But as we hinted in our opening sentence, we doubt if Dr. Parsons has been quite wise in straining out all his less classical pieces from that former volume in many respects more clearly marked by his individual talent which he published in Boston some eighteen years ago. Of that volume the characteristic note was a certain caustic humour which has nearly disappeared from this,—caustic humour that carried with it an air of greater freedom and power than Dr. Parsons' more mature taste seems quite to approve. There is a "Saratoga Eclogue" in that volume, a caustic dialogue between an American Tityrus and Melibœus at Saratoga Springs, which, if it contains some banter not altogether of the immortal kind, still has much in it which Hood would

have enjoyed and Fraed have envied; and again, there are lines addressed to the late Mr. Moxon on the death of a brother publisher full of sharp humour which almost all Englishmen would enjoy. We do not say that Dr. Parsons' higher and more beautiful lyrics are not better worth preserving than these bantering stanzas, but we do think that somehow the verses of higher feeling gain in power and significance when read amongst the light productions of his youth, and lose when separated from them and relegated to a volume containing little or no sign of the individual humour which is one of his chief characteristics. Read this, for example, from Dr. Parsons' elegy on a great departed power of Paternoster Row, and the lovely verses addressed to Longfellow, from Wayland, Massachusetts, and the beautiful sonnet on Guido's Aurora, will rise instead of falling in value in our minds :—

"'Tis not lost genius we lament the most,
No; but the man, the old companion lost
Who'd not give more to bring back Gilbert
Gurney,

Or Smith, or Matthews, from his nether journey,

Than all your Miltons or your Bacons dead,
Or all the Bonapartes that ever bled;
So, were the blue rotundity of heaven
By some muck-running, outlawed comet riven,
Should any orb — say yonder blazing Mars —
Be blotted from the muster-roll of stars,
Herschel might groan, or Royal Airy sigh,
But what would London care? — or you, or I?
We vulgar folk might count it greater loss,
Should some stray earthquake swallow Char-
ing Cross.

"Now let no pigmy poet, in his pride,
The humble memory of our friend deride:
More than he dreams, his little species owe
Those good allies, the Patrons of the Row:
They, only they, of all the friends who praise,
All who forgive, and all who love your lays,
Of all that flatter, all that wish you well,
Sincerely care to have your volume sell.
How oft, when Quarterlies are most severe,
And every critic aims a ready sneer,
And young Ambition just begins to cool,
And Genius half suspects himself a fool,
The placid publisher, the more they rail,
Forebodes the triumph of a speedy sale,
And gently lays the soul-sustaining balm
Of twenty sovereigns in your trembling palm;
While more than speech his manner seems to
say,
As bland he whispers, 'Dine with me to-day.'"

It is not that there is anything very admirable in banter of that kind, but that the effect of poetry always depends more or less on the general character of the mind that

produces it, and that we value the lyrical side of feeling far more when we know that the judgment, taste, and general temper of the mind which produced it incline the writer to jest with others and himself at his own expense, than we do if we are apt to think that the higher sentiments come out of a nature which does not know the weak side of human sentiment as well as the strong. We venture to regret, therefore, while thanking Dr. Parsons heartily for various beautiful poems in this volume, that he has not included among his selections a few of the more humorous and satirical productions of his youth. For instance, we could willingly have exchanged the poem from which this volume derives its name,—“The Shadow of the Obelisk,” a poem written at Rome, for which we do not greatly care,—for one of the more lively versified letters of his former volume. At the same time, we gladly admit that the best poems in the new volume are new, and apparently the products of his maturest mind. We have quoted some of them, and cannot do better than end our notice of the volume with the beautiful Christmas lines with which it closes, written only last year :—

“MY SUDBURY MISTLETOE.

“This hallowed stem the Druids once adored,
And now I wreath it round my bleeding
Lord,

So might my spirit around his image twine,
And find support, as in its oak a vine !

“‘I am the Vine :’—He said; Lord, then let
me

Be just a tendril clinging to the tree
Where the Jews nailed thee bodily, to grow
Fruit for all fainting souls that grope below.

“May this green hope that in my heart is born
Blossom before another Christmas morn !
Then my weird mistletoe I'll cast away,
And hang up lilies to record the day.”

From The Economist.

THE POLITICAL ACTION OF THE ULTRAMONTANES.

THE Ultramontanes appear to be sustaining defeats on all hands. The members of this great party, which, though little noticed in England, influences politics in every country on the continent, have of late been unusually active, and have evidently set to themselves two distinct objects. One is to compel the Governments of Europe to interfere in favour of the restoration of the Temporal Power, and

the other is to destroy, or at all events cripple, the political influence of the new German Empire. The two objects were very closely connected, and at first it seemed exceedingly probable that the former would be attained. Besides their considerable power in Italy—a power greatly increased by the fact that the King on the religious side of his head agrees with the Ultramontanes, and considers that he can compound with the Church for the eccentricities of his private life—they hoped to compel the King of Spain to come to an agreement with the Papacy in order to secure his throne; to induce M. Thiers to threaten interference in Italy in order to obtain the adhesion of the priests to the Republic; to persuade M. d'Anethan, Premier of Belgium, into allowing a filibustering expedition to start for Italy; to conciliate Russian support by quieting Poland; and above all, to make Germany passive by raising a strong “particularist” agitation, which could only be soothed by large concessions to the Catholic Church. The plan was not a bad one, and in the hands of statesmen might have succeeded; but the Papacy is no longer directed by statesmen, or indeed by men with any special knowledge of affairs. The Ultramontanes made, both in France and Spain, the singular mistake of allying themselves with the elder branch of the Bourbons, who brought them no strength but rather derived strength from them; and they were unaware of the strength which in most continental countries State feeling has attained. The group of Belgians and Italians at Rome who really direct the aggressive policy of the Vatican, pushed matters a little too far; the Governments were compelled to resist; and the finely-spun webs disappeared in the rough breeze. The French Government was the first to give way. The Comte de Chambord became impossible, and M. Thiers, after coquetting for some time with the priests, after declining to send an ambassador to Rome, after threatening to dismember Italy, and after compelling the Italian Government to double its artillery force, suddenly gave way, sent an avowed Voltairian to Rome, and openly announced that France was not in a condition to encounter the deadly hostility of Italy. The Russian Government merely increased its severity towards priests, and the Italian held on its own way, sentencing troublesome Bishops to imprisonment, and selling Church property without the slightest manifestation of popular disapproval. The organization in Belgium

broke down, and the Ultramontane Cabinet was compelled to send a Minister to Rome. Still if Germany could be influenced, all was gained and Germany might have been influenced, for Prince Bismarck needed allies; but the Papacy, misled by reports from the Bishops, misunderstood its own strength and declared against the new Empire. Prince Bismarck turned round in anger, and the Catholic Germans supported him in defying a pretension which they thought exceeded the power of their spiritual leaders. The Chancellor, who knows Rome well, openly proposed to take the control of education, even in Catholic provinces, out of Catholic hands, and secretly threatened to expel the Jesuits from the Empire. As Parliament supported him, it became necessary for the Papacy to seek a compromise, under penalty of seeing German Catholics form themselves into a new and schismatic Church and Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe was accepted as its messenger. This Cardinal who represents old rather than new Catholicism, but who is nevertheless strictly orthodox, arrived in Berlin, was appointed Ambassador to the Vatican, and agreed to terms of compromise, of which these appear to be the chief. The Catholic Church is to enjoy full religious liberty in Germany, including we imagine, the right of suspending Catholic teachers who reject the dogma of infallibility, but is to abandon particularist intrigues, and to maintain a strict neutrality between Germany and France in the approaching contest, which the Vatican looks upon as inevitable. These terms are acceptable to Prince Bismarck, who does not care very much about religious differences unless they affect the Empire, and they are endurable at the Vatican, which is afraid of a great schism. Thus checked however on all hands, the Papacy became desperate, and a great effort to recover prestige was made in Spain, where the priests led bands of partizans to insurrection in the name of the legitimate Bourbon Don Carlos. This movement however failed. It might have been very formidable thirty years ago, when a band of insurgents was nearly equal to a regular regiment; but to-day no bands, however brave, if armed only with muskets, can compete with troops armed with breech-loading rifles, and the movement has only tended to increase the power of the new and heretical Government, which has been joined by the Radicals, and has obtained a good pretext for severe measures of repression. A partisan war still lingers in the hilly districts of

Navarre but the political danger is no greater than it would be in England if Tipperary were rising in favour of Home Rule. The Ultramontanes are defeated at all points in every country of Europe, and their grand aggressive movement may be considered at an end. They have not succeeded in inducing any Government to interfere for the restoration of the Temporal Power, or in punishing any Government for refusing to interfere.

It would however be a mistake to imagine that the Papacy has lost all power in these defeats. On the contrary, it has probably impressed its adversaries with a deep sense of its power, its persistence, and the value of its quiescence. Merely to agitate a power so solid, so active, and so daring as the present Government of Germany is a great feat, and this it has undoubtedly accomplished. Prince Bismarck has been compelled to exert himself seriously, and we question if there is a power in Europe which will not agree, for the sake of peace, to make very liberal concessions to the Catholic Church. What these concessions will be we are unable to state, but we incline to the belief that their basis will in all countries be perfect "religious liberty" for Catholics — that is, an exemption from any law prohibiting the formation of monastic corporations, or the accumulation of ecclesiastical property. This latter concession is of extraordinary value. The corporations, subject to the Church of Rome have in all ages managed property well, and as they do not die, do not squander, and never transfer, they are exempt from all the laws by which the continental legislatures have endeavoured to prevent the accumulation of property in few hands. They can, if unmolested, become in two generations very great proprietors indeed, and would probably rise at least to the position they occupied before the Reformation. It is stated that in Belgium they have advanced far beyond this point, that they own either directly or through mortgages, two-thirds of the soil; and although we do not believe this statement, it is certain that the Church is in Belgium by far the largest proprietor. There is no reason why this plan should not be extended over Europe, and if it is it will produce one of two results. Either the accumulation of wealth in celibate hands will produce a habit of ecclesiastical luxury, fatal to the moral influence and therefore ultimately to the power of the Church; or the existence of such wealth in clerical hands will deepen the chasm between rich and poor, and incline the

Liberals more and more towards that redistribution of property by violence which the extreme Reds have already recommended. Either result would be exceedingly injurious to civilization; but it is difficult to see how both are to be prevented while the Governments, embarrassed by Ultramontane opposition, are compelled to submit to terms to secure quiescence, and naturally accept those terms which appear at first to demand least surrender of the authority of the State.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE NEW SLAVE TRADE.

ANOTHER effort was made by Mr. Hughes last week to induce Parliament to sanction some effective action for the suppression of existing forms of slave trade, chiefly known to the public under the euphemism of "coolie emigration." The debate which followed the motion of the member for Frome calling attention to the condition of the slave population of Cuba was not, however, of an encouraging character. So far as direct intervention, or effective action of any kind, is concerned, there is, indeed, nothing to be hoped for in the present state of public feeling. Mr. Gilpin's hope that "the discussion would revive something of that old anti-slavery feeling which formed one of the finest reminiscences of his younger days" is to all appearance very chimerical. There is a half-hearted and languid assent to the existence of a great evil without any disposition to incur either the responsibility or the cost of taking the initiative in a vigorous and adequate effort to redress the wrong. It is true that in the South Sea Islands, where British colonies were the recipients and the British name was directly implicated, the Government was induced to intervene for the suppression of a disgraceful traffic in kidnapped natives. But there is little chance of any decided action in other directions where we are less concerned in either perpetrating or benefiting by the wrongs inflicted upon inferior races not under our rule. The Chinese coolies transported against their will to Cuba or Peru will appeal in vain to European Powers to come to their rescue in the name of their common humanity or their Christian faith so long as the way does not seem clearer. Looking to the short debate provoked by Mr. Hughes, the total absence of any practical suggestion as to the means which could

reasonably be adopted with a fair chance of success is not the least discouraging feature. Mr. Hughes limited the scope of his motion to diplomatic pressure on the Spanish Government to ameliorate the state of things in Cuba. Mr. Gilpin, his seconder, contented himself with a distant hope of the revival of something of the old anti-slavery feeling. Neither of these can be called in any sense of the word practical, or suggestive of anything but failure. The speakers on the other side, including the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, had accordingly a very easy part to play in showing the impracticability or inexpediency of doing anything. We have more than once indicated the only course which would promise immediate results; and those of a decisive kind as regards the further continuance of the traffic in coolies from the Chinese coast, the main source of supply. If this were stopped, the evil would be circumscribed, and narrowed in fact to the suffering condition of those already transported to the American continent and the neighbouring colonies. And if no intervention in their behalf could be specially or beneficially brought to bear, there would be at least the consolation of knowing that each day would diminish the area of the evil. The course we have suggested is one the first step in which was taken many years ago by the United States, when they prohibited any American vessel to carry coolies under labour contracts. There can be little doubt that they would cordially join the British Government to act in concert with the Chinese, and so enable the Imperial Government to prevent the embarkation of any coolies under contract for foreign countries, unless or until securities could be devised by which good faith with the emigrant could be secured on the other side, as well as perfect freedom of election on the part of the native in China. This can hardly be effected until China is prepared to place thoroughly competent consuls in the countries where their subjects are to be transported, and to watch over their interests under the further security of treaty engagements. But if all further supply were stopped until these objects could be secured, means would undoubtedly be found of establishing before long a system of emigration under adequate protection against flagrant abuses on either side of the Pacific, and to the mutual benefit of the nation supplying and the countries demanding the labour. Great Britain and the United States alone could perfectly well secure this end, in concert

with China. But whether alone or with other European Powers, there could be no insuperable obstacle—none which good faith and honest determination could not satisfactorily dispose of, without any recourse to measures contrary to international usage or policy. Lord Enfield may think that "it was a great misfortune not only to the British West Indies, but to the Chinese themselves, that the emigration of Chinese to those islands had been stopped; because, as every one knew, they were well treated in those colonies, although there were some cases of abuse." But if so, we doubt whether he has read with the care it deserves the instructive report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the treatment of immigrants in British Guiana, presented to Parliament last session, or the not less instructive running commentary on it supplied by Mr. Jenkins in his notes taken on the spot. In any case, we must differ equally from Lord Enfield and the planters, who also lament the stoppages, when we reflect that this was entirely due to the Governments of France and Great Britain, in deference to the representations of the colonial interest, refusing the proposal of the Chinese Government to limit the term of contract labour to five years, and insist upon a free passage back—the two conditions which France and England had expressly provided in two successive Conventions with each other in 1861 and 1862 as necessary for the protection of the Indian ryot from virtual slavery. The Chinese Government did well and wisely to resist the effort of the two European Powers to deprive the Chinese coolies of the safeguards against being converted into slaves; and it is difficult to understand upon what principle either France or England could justify the application of one rule for their guidance in dealing with the Indian ryot and another when the Chinese coolie was in question.

From *The Economist*.

THE CANADIAN GUARANTEE.

THE unexampled singularity of the relation between England and her colonies is always unmistakably plain in any important transaction with Canada. Since the fusion with the other North Canadian colonies, that "Dominion" is a country of immense area (it is as large or larger than the United States); it has a large though scattered population, and a great revenue,

with a real surplus. But this great community—worthy to rank with European Powers of the second order—has, upon the whole, and as a rule, no share in its foreign policy, except in cases conceded by special favour, or what is rarer, reserved by former Act of Parliament. The Canadian Government is not consulted in its relation with other States. All these are determined for it by England. Canada "accepts in blank," as merchants say, and England does what she pleases. And this is all the worse, because our interests and Canada's are by no means the same. Canada has a great neighbour, whose relations with England are very peculiar, and not easy to describe. The United States are most sensitive as to English opinion; they read our language, and they read no other language; they read our books as much or more than their own; they care more what England says of them than what all the rest of the world says of them. But exactly on that account they are easily piqued with England. If the English Press says what they think it ought not, or the English Government, even on a minor matter, does what they think it ought not, the Americans are very angry. In an instant of annoyance they may do anything or say anything. To vent their pique they may use any chance that comes to hand, and the nearest chance is Canada. She lies close at hand; she is far weaker; she is three thousand miles from England. Canada is always subject to the risk of being at war with the United States—not because she herself has done anything their great neighbour dislikes, but because the mother country has done something. Canada is to be killed because England has offended.

Even in cases which do not go thus far, the opposition of interests is frequently great. We wish to be at peace with America upon certain large considerations, and we wish to settle with her certain large issues of policy. But these first-class issues and these great considerations do not equally affect Canada. What she cares for is not the cosmopolitan policy of the United States, but its frontier policy. She adjoins on it, and like every weaker State adjoining on a greater neighbour she has her grievances—some good, some bad, some strong, some weak—of all values, as a philosopher would judge them. But Canada is not a philosopher; she is an English colony; she feels acutely her border wrongs, as she considers them; she thinks of them and broods over them. And what is more irritating than the rest is that the English Government, which has

settled with the United States these questions like all other questions with the United States, cares not the least in the world about them; scarcely knows of their existence; is intent on votes in Parliament, on English interests, on English public opinion, and will attend to nothing but these. The inevitable misfortune of such a State as Canada, so ruled and so placed, is often to have what she cares for sacrificed to what England cares for and she does not, and always to be suspicious that this has happened when really it has not.

Upon two points this is precisely what the Canadians complain of in the Treaty of Washington. The first is the case of the inroads of the Fenians into Canada from the United States. Canadians say that the Fenians only came into Canada because it was a dependency of England, and the Fenians wanted to hurt England; that the American Government only connived (for they persist that it did connive) at the Fenian expeditions and preparations, because they wished to annoy and hurt England. In this way Canada was hurt, they say, because she belonged to us. They contend that we are bound to get them reparation — not only because they are, as much as if they were New Zealanders, subjects of the Queen, and therefore, as all will say, to be protected, but likewise since they were specially injured in an Imperial dispute, and in order to vex another and more considerable part of the Empire. But when England is making the Treaty at Washington, she gives up this claim on behalf of Canada at once. The correspondence explains it with grave formality. "Your Lordship," says Lord Kimberley, in writing to Lord Lisgar, the Governor of Canada, "your Lordship will observe from the Protocols of Conferences, copies of which were transmitted to you in my Despatch, No. 444, of the 17th inst., that the American Commissioners declined to entertain the proposal made by the British Commissioners to include these claims in the Treaty. Her Majesty's Government were well aware of the serious difficulties in the way of settling this question, and they could not, therefore, feel surprised at the result. At the same time, it was with much regret that they acquiesced in the omission of these claims from the general settlement of outstanding questions between Great Britain and the United States. But it seemed to them evident that the British Commissioners were right in thinking that there was no reasonable probability that by further pressing the point an agreement would be come to

upon it with the American Commissioners, and when the choice lay between the settlement of all the other differences between the two countries on terms which her Majesty's Government believed to be honourable to both, and beneficial alike to Canada and the rest of the Empire, and the frustration of all hope of bringing the negotiations to a satisfactory issue, they could not hesitate as to the course which it was their duty to take."

Now we cannot blame a Canadian for saying that this only means that *he* is not to be paid for the Fenian depredations, because England wants to settle with America about the Alabama. And a man who has himself been plundered will not like that reasoning, whatever a philosopher or Secretary of State may think of it.

Secondly, — there is a most difficult question as to certain rights of fishery, which is always among the most vexatious species of boundary questions. On this point too the Canadians say boldly — "England gave up *our* fish because she was in a diplomatic difficulty as to the escaped cruisers, and wished to make a concession." We do not admit that it was so. The fishery question is most complicated. But still we can quite understand how a Canadian will persistently think so, and never be convinced to the contrary.

For these reasons the Canadian Government is dissatisfied with the Treaty of Washington, and says that some equivalent ought to be granted to it. And our Government have agreed (not indeed formally as an equivalent, but in a manner which practically amounts very much to the same thing), to guarantee a Canadian loan of 2,500,000*l.*, the proceeds of which are to be used in the construction of a railway from Canada to the Pacific. Of course this is objectionable — scarcely anything is so objectionable as a guarantee; scarcely anything is so objectionable as paying a price to some of your own subjects to do as you wish, and to be content with that which you have done. But the real objection is not to this or that particular arrangement, but to the whole practice in which our relation to Canada consists. When you begin with a great anomaly you must expect it to cause other anomalies. If nation A undertakes to manage the foreign relations of nation B, nation B will always say that A is thinking of its own interests and not of theirs; and if this has really been so, or if there is a strong case for saying it has been so, something must be given to B if the connection between A and B is to continue.

From The Spectator.
WEAKNESS OF CÆSARISM.

THE immense importance attached in France to the speech of M. d'Audriffet Pasquier on the Imperial Army contracts is not at first sight very intelligible to Englishmen. The Orleanist Duke did indeed show, past all doubt or question, or denial from M. Rouher, that under the Imperialist régime corruption was rampant in the War Department; that contracts for war matériel, such as cartridges and rifles, were given, paid for, and never fulfilled; that the accounts of the arsenals were cooked; that the numbers of guns, chassépôts, and cartridges ready for use were criminally exaggerated; that the charge of supplying the most necessary articles was sold to men who could not hope to supply them; that in fact the Supply department, on which the efficiency of armies depends, was cynically corrupt. But this had been suspected long before, and the first deduction from the facts is not necessarily a new contempt for the Emperor or his cause, but rather a new pity for a man who had been so systematically deluded. The Emperor certainly did not wish to be left without sufficient guns, and would, if a legitimate monarch, have been held entitled to the excuse that he as well as France had been betrayed and sold. The Assembly, however, regarded the revelation in a very different light, — as one fatally damaging to the Napoleonic cause; they ordered the speech to be printed and circulated in every commune of France, as a final argument against the Emperor, and they were in all human probability in the right. The speech destroys the one argument for Cæsarism in the minds of average Frenchmen, the belief that it was an efficient and strenuous form of administration. It proves to every Frenchman that in the department supposed to be the strongest, the most necessary, the one on which Napoleon most prided himself, his supervision had been a hollow sham, that the Empire, which demanded so much on the ground of its military necessities, did not give in return ordinary military effectiveness. It did not do even the one thing it professed to do, did not prevent speculators from eating up guns, rifles, and soldiers as voraciously as the most imbecile Monarchy, or Republic, or Commune could have done. The Liberals had all along suspected this, but the French peasant is not a liberal, is not moved by gossip, is slow to believe anything not certified on authority. But he will believe Duke Pasquier and the Assembly, and believing, will lose once for

all his confidence in the system he still at heart approved for doing the very thing which it is now demonstrated in a manner convincing even to his intelligence never to have done. It is of no use to tell him, as Bonapartists are telling Englishmen, that the corruption was no worse under Napoleon than under Louis Philippe. Very likely it was not, indeed it may be frankly admitted it was not, but then the *raison d'être* of the Orleans House was not efficient administration. It was the *raison d'être* of Cæsarism. The proof of the Cæsar's failure to keep his arsenals full is proof to the French mind of his failure to be what he was enthroned and obeyed in order to be, and it will be accepted all the more readily because it will gratify in a strange but direct way the dominant national foible. If the French soldiers were defeated because they were not "furnished," they might when furnished be victorious, that is the sub-suggestion of the *exposé*, and it is one very comforting to men who cannot conceive themselves second in war, except when betrayed, or sold, or unprovided with munitions. They will believe that not they, but the Empire, lost the provinces, and the belief is fatal to the Imperial cause. So clear was this to M. Rouher, that for the first time since his election he rushed to the Tribune, and endeavoured to deaden the blow by asking whether the present Administration had remedied the evils shown to exist. That was clever as a Parliamentary counter-hit, and it bothered the Ministry, who have been thinking of other things; but it will seem to the people only an admission that the charges were true. This régime may be inefficient too, but Napoleonism would be no effective substitute. It could not be relied on to secure the strength which is the compensation it offers for the refusal of all liberty.

The effect of this exposure on foreign critics, though not perhaps on the French peasantry, will be greatly heightened by the extraordinary fact that the corruption did not extend to the Naval administration. The Committee on Contracts inquired of course into their transactions as rigidly as into those of the Army, and the President affirms that there was not in them all a penny to condemn. The department, notoriously the one in all countries in which jobbery is easiest, was absolutely pure, a fact which may explain in some degree its comparative efficiency in the field. As Admirals like money as much as Generals, and as pursers can rob quite as effectively as paymasters, there

can be but one reason for this difference, that the Emperor had reasons for laxity in the Army which did not extend to the Naval service; that his great military officers knew their offences would be condoned, while his Admirals had no certainty of the kind. And we believe this to be exactly the truth, strange as the light is which it throws on the intellect of Napoleon. With all his knowledge of Frenchmen, and all his army of policemen, and all his confidence in plébiscites, the Emperor never was aware of his own foothold in France, never realized how powerless his agents were against him, never ceased to believe that the military chiefs stood between him and a disaffected people. He might have dismissed all the marshals by a decree in the *Gazette*, and there would have been no *émeute*; but he could not think so, and hesitated all through his reign to "create disaffection" by probing military scandals. We utterly reject, as it is clear the Assembly rejects, the theory of his ignorance. He remembered the Italian war and what he discovered then, and he must have received hints enough, if only from dissatisfied officers, to justify inquiries which he avoided partly because they involved trouble, but chiefly because he held the contentment of the War Department to be essential to his *régime*. It was not in the least essential, the mass of the Army being entirely uninterested in frauds, or rather entirely hostile to them; but he fancied it was, and under that fancy overlooked practices which any legitimate Sovereign or any elected President would have punished not only as State offences, but as personal affronts. The Navy, however, could not stand be-

tween him and the people, could not defend the Tuileries, could not keep down Paris, and consequently in the Navy decent men were promoted and theft was rigorously and successfully prevented. If the corruption was due to the Emperor's ignorance, why was not the Navy corrupt? If it arose from the rotten state of society, how came the Marine Department to escape the noxious influence? If it was "a necessity of the system," why was the system not a necessity in every department? The plain truth of the matter is, that corruption existed only in the departments which were feared, and that among these the principal was the department which controlled, and guided, and provided the Army. It was the military tone of the Empire, the idea that it was based on the bayonet, which led by a direct consequence to Sedan; and this military tone was infused into it by the Emperor himself, who though absolutely free from militarism and often impatient of military dictation, never after the 2nd of December could gain self-confidence enough to see that the soldiers around him were his creatures, not he theirs; that in pampering them he did not conciliate but *pro tanto* alienated the affections of the Army. The blunder was the Emperor's own, and was due to the circumstances of the *coup d'état* much more than to any inherent weakness in the structure of the administration, which, as we see on the Naval side, remained honest, strong, and successful. In one service at least of the French organization no one has fled, or robbed, or intrigued, and the excellence attained in one service might have been attained in all.

SOME time in the summer of 1871 it was stated that Mr. Octave Pavé, a young Louisiana Frenchman, had started toward the North Pole by way of Siberia and Wrangell's Land, and that, in the absence of news from him, the assistance of the Siberian Government had been invoked, in consequence of grave fears for his safety. It now appears that he has not yet started on his mission, but is to sail from San Francisco in May for Kamschatka, where he will take in supplies, and proceed to Cape Yakan, on the north-east coast of Siberia. Here the vessel is to be abandoned, and a further exploration attempted on an India-rubber raft,

composed of four rubber cylinders fastened together on the decks by wooden slats, to which the masts and riggings are attached. It is intended to head, after leaving Cape Yakan, for Wrangell's Land, a large island discovered by Captain Long in 1867. This being reached, the island is to be crossed on sledges; and if an open sea occur beyond, he is to take the raft again, and endeavour to sail to Greenland or Spitzbergen. The entire enterprise is conducted at the expense of the traveller; and however hazardous or chimerical the plan may be, we cannot but wish him success in his movements.